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THE LATE WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

THE good Mr. Gladstone did will not be interred with his remains in the most befitting place of sepulture—Westminster Abbey. Though the light of life has gone from those keen brown eyes, though the eloquent voice that aroused our enthusiasm is hushed for ever, it is clear, from the hearty eulogiums of political friends and adversaries alike, and from the homage of the whole civilised world, that the grand example set by Mr. Gladstone throughout the whole of his most distinguished public career has influenced and will continue to animate myriads of people. Few statesmen were ever loved as Mr. Gladstone was by the populace. The tremendous greetings accorded him since his Midlothian triumph at every great meeting he addressed with unsurpassable earnestness—spontaneous welcomes repeated at every railway-station at which he was recognised—could only be compared to the receptions formerly given to military conquerors. He nobly lived and nobly died. So lofty was Mr. Gladstone's character, and so exemplary his home life, that the dedicatory lines Tennyson wrote as a preface to "Idylls of the King" to the memory of the Prince Consort may well be applied to the venerable leader whose loss the nation mourns—

And indeed He seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal Knight,
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;
Who loved one only and who clave to her . . .
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
With that sublime repression of himself;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

Mr. Gladstone in Death.

No heart can have remained untouched by the simple narrative of the pathetic scene in the death-room in Hawarden Castle, at five o'clock on the morning of Thursday, May 19, when, Mrs. Gladstone holding his dear hand to the last, and every member of the family present near the little iron bedstead, England's most eminent statesman passed peacefully away. Shortly after Mr. Gladstone's death, a *Daily News* Correspondent had the privilege of entering the room, and wrote—

"The figure upon which I looked down, tremulous, might be some beautiful statue of greyish white marble lying recumbent on a tombstone. Yet stern the features still are, severely aquiline the nose, tight drawn the lips; it was in death the face of some great leader of men, a mortal hero whose earthly pilgrimage had ever been over the most arduous and rugged paths, and though dumb, still seems to speak, to say to himself, 'I have striven, I have done my duty'; and the closed eyes, the hands clasped tight within each other, were truly the attitude of one who had gone to sleep fervently praying to his God; and he had so done. Those hands folded upon the sheet seemed to be exquisite bits of carving, the product of some cunning sculptor's chisel; that noble forehead, once so deep-bitten with the furrows wrought by care of empire, by ceaseless combat for good, was now almost smooth and serene. Truly, the majestic form has shrunk, but until it finally crumbles into dust, it can never lose that lofty Imperator cast which we all knew so well when in full life and vigour."

THE FLAG HOISTED HALF-MAST HIGH ON HAWARDEN TOWER.

The Funeral at Westminster Abbey

on Saturday, May 28, will give London an opportunity of showing its appreciation of Mr. Gladstone's lifelong services to the State. General satisfaction was caused by the seasonable resolve of the Government to appeal to the Queen to permit his honoured remains to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and to allow a monument of Mr. Gladstone to be placed in Statesmen's Corner in the goodly company of Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield, Sir Robert Peel, and other predecessors of the Hawarden hero.

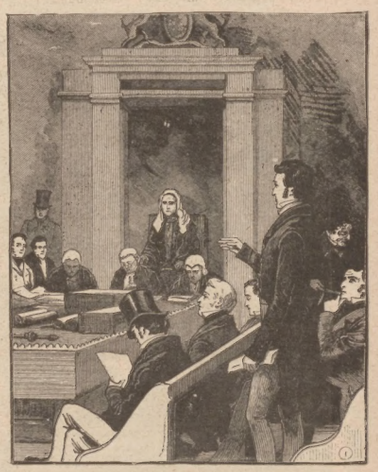
Mr. Herbert Gladstone, as the representative of the family, arranged with the authorities that, in compliance with the wish of Parliament, the body should be buried in Westminster Abbey; and it was understood that the site chosen was a spot on the east side of the north transept (of which we give an Engraving), between the statues of Peel and Beaconsfield.

Mr. Gladstone's remains were removed from the library, or "Temple of Peace," at Hawarden to the church on Wednesday, prior to their being brought to London for the lying-in-State in Westminster Hall, to which the public were admitted on Thursday and Friday.

The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal of England, has the ordering of the Funeral on Saturday, when Mr. Gladstone's remains will be conveyed in State to Westminster Abbey, and interred in the Statesmen's Corner; the Prince of Wales representing the Queen; the Lords and Commons and other representatives of the nation being present; Dean Bradley being assisted in the religious ceremony by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and Sir Frederick Bridge enlarging the Abbey choir for the solemn occasion. We believe Mr. Gladstone left an express stipulation in writing that he would not consent to be buried anywhere where his wife could not rest with him. It is stated that this condition was conceded before the offer of a funeral at Westminster Abbey could be accepted by the family.

The Life of Mr. Gladstone

has been recounted so often that but a brief recapitulation of familiar facts will be necessary in connection with our Illustrations. The fourth son of Sir John Gladstone, a Leith merchant settled in Liverpool, William Ewart Gladstone was born at the house in Rodney Street in that town depicted on another page. He began his



As particular historic interest was attached to the first speech Benjamin Disraeli made in the House of Commons—the address that was so ill received that the future leader of the Conservative party was nettled into prophetically saying, "I sit down now; but the time will come when you will hear me!"—so the maiden effort of William Ewart Gladstone in the same assembly becomes memorable at this juncture. It will be observed that in the old House at Westminster, sixty-five years ago, members' attire was what we should towards the end of the century call old-fashioned. It was filial duty that prompted Mr. Gladstone to rise, as sketched, on the 17th of May, 1833. Lord Howick had stigmatised the way in which he alleged Mr. Gladstone's father had managed his Demerara estate; but the command of ready argument Mr. Gladstone had acquired in the debating arena at Oxford enabled him to rebut the attack with remarkable ability on the part of so young a man.

MR. GLADSTONE MAKING HIS FIRST SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON MAY 17, 183 .

HAWARDEN CASTLE, WHERE MR GLADSTONE BREATHED HIS LAST ON MAY 19.

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education at Seaforth Vicarage, where the late Dean Stanley was his fellow-pupil. With his elder brothers, Thomas and Robertson Gladstone, in 1821 he went to Eton; but Arthur Hallam (whose virtues inspired Tennyson's "In Memoriam") was young Gladstone's bosom friend, and greatly influenced him. Thus early the most fecund orator of the century was learning the art of public speaking in the debates of the Eton Society, and Homer's illustrious commentator was beginning his literary apprenticeship as Editor of the *Eton Miscellany*, in which periodical he anticipated his own championship of the liberties of the people by an ode couched in this spirit to the shade of Wat Tyler—

Shade of him whose valiant tongue
On high the song of freedom sung!
Shade of him whose mighty soul
Would pay no taxes on his poll!

At Eton to this day they point with pride to Gladstone's name carved on one of the wooden panels with the names of other famous Etonians. A diligent student thereafter at Christ Church, Oxford, Mr. Gladstone soon felt qualified to enter Parliament. He was, through the then Duke of Newcastle's influence, elected

M.P. for Newark,

and took his seat in the House of Commons on Jan. 20, 1833, his twenty-fourth year, when his statesmanship was nurtured doubtless by nightly study of Sir Robert Peel and his contemporaries, and his first sympathy for Ireland enlisted by the powerful declamation of Daniel O'Connell. But even then Mr. Gladstone's energy and industry were so great that Parliamentary work alone could not content him. In his chambers in the Albany he wrote a book which attracted widest attention, and evoked much controversy—"The State in its Relations with the Church."

Mr. Gladstone's Marriage

was the happiest event of his life. In espousing Miss Catherine Glynne, the heiress of Hawarden Castle, he gained a loving helpmate, whose constant sympathy and devotion enabled him to crown his political career with glory and honour. It was while on a visit to Rome, rendered necessary by overwork, that Mr. Gladstone became engaged to Miss Glynne; and the wedding took place in Hawarden Church on July 25, 1839, on which occasion Lady Glynne's younger daughter was married to the fourth Lord Lyttelton. In his interesting personal recollections of Mr. Gladstone, contributed to the *Daily Telegraph*, the Hon. F. Lawley told us that "it was not until the death of his father, in 1851, that Mr. Gladstone took up his abode at Hawarden Castle, which, until the end of his life, became thenceforward his only country home. After Sir John Gladstone's death, the involved condition of Sir Stephen Glynne's affairs, consequent upon the mismanagement of the Hawarden estate by an over-sanguine agent, was disclosed for the first time. With characteristic energy and prudence, Mr. Gladstone came to his brother-in-law's rescue, and enabled him to remain permanently in the beautiful Welsh home to which both were so passionately attached. I believe the sum then advanced by Mr. Gladstone to save the Hawarden estate amounted to £50,000, and two of the farms became Mr. Gladstone's property."

MARRIAGE OF MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE IN HAWARDEN CHURCH SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH LORD LYTTELTON AND THE YOUNGER MISS GLYNNE.

Reverting to the auspicious union of Mr. Gladstone and Miss Catherine Glynne, we may aptly quote the prophetic poem which Mr. Gladstone's best man, Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, addressed at the time to the bride—

High hopes are thine, oh! eldest flower.
Great duties to be greatly done.
To soothe, in many a toil-worn hour,
The noble heart which thou hast won.

Covet not, then, the rest of those
Who sleep through life unknown to fame;
Fate grants not passionless repose
To her who weds a glorious name.

He presses on through calm and storm.
Unshaken, let what will betide;
Thou hast an office to perform,
To be his answering spirit bride.

The path appointed for his feet
Through desert wilds and rocks may go,
Where the eye looks in vain to greet
The gales that from the waters blow.

Be thou a balmy breeze to him,
A fountain singing at his side;
A star whose light is never dim,
A pillar to uphold and guide.

The Ministerial Life

of Mr. Gladstone began in 1834, when he became a Junior Lord of the Treasury under Sir Robert Peel. He rose rapidly. Under-Secretary for the Colonies in the same Administration in 1835, Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint in 1841, and Peel's President of the Board of Trade in 1843, he accepted from the same great Minister the Presidency of the Colonial Secretaryship in 1846. Chancellor of the Exchequer during the Crimean War, he shortly after that sanguinary contest enjoyed a period of rest out of office. He found his faith in and sympathy with the people increased as he came more in touch with them than he could at Oxford. His Liberalism developed by leaps and bounds when, rejected by Oxford, he was returned for South Lancashire. On the death of Lord Palmerston, he naturally succeeded to the leadership of the House. Chosen M.P. for Greenwich at the 1868 General Election, he faced Parliament for the first time as Premier in 1869, disestablished the Church in Ireland, albeit a staunch friend and supporter of the Church of England, and carried a variety of reforms, among which was Mr. Forster's measure for the institution of Board Schools for the elementary instruction that was necessary. Prime Minister till '74, Mr. Gladstone was in that year displaced by Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli), and did not return to power till, leading the national protest against the Bulgarian atrocities, his Midlothian orations touched the national conscience, and he became Premier for the second time from 1880 to 1885. For a few months Lord Salisbury reigned. Premier for the third time in 1886, Mr. Gladstone lost the co-operation of the Duke of Devonshire (then Lord Hartington), Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, and other influential supporters by the introduction of his first memorable Home Rule Bill, on the defeat of which he resigned; the Marquis of Salisbury again succeeding him as Premier. Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister for the fourth and last time from '92 to '94,

MR. GLADSTONE ADDRESSING THE ELECTORS OF MIDLOTHIAN IN 1879: A SKETCH AT WEST CALDER.

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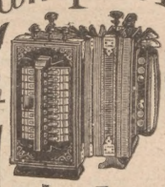
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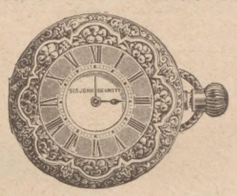

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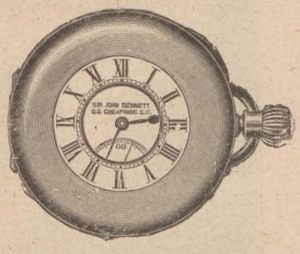

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reintroduced his Irish Home Rule measure and carried it through the House of Commons, only to witness its overthrow in the Upper House. His hearing and sight getting weaker and weaker, Mr. Gladstone finally retired from the cares and anxieties of Parliament, and devoted himself at Hawarden to stocking with books St. Deiniol's Library, which he generously presented to the public for the benefit of poor students.

Sir William Harcourt's Tribute to His Dead Chief.

The Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Kimberley, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords; Mr. Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Dillon, and Mr. Alfred Thomas (who spoke on behalf of the Welsh members) in the House of Commons, vied with each other on May 20 in testifying to Mr. Gladstone's worth, integrity, and consummate abilities. Needless to add, both Houses of Parliament unanimously approved the Ministerial proposal to give Mr. Gladstone's remains a public funeral, and to raise a monument to his memory in the "Collegiate Church of St. Peter"—that is, Westminster Abbey. One of the most salient passages from Lord Rosebery's admirable speech is quoted under the photographic portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. We cannot refrain here from printing the moving personal panegyric Sir William Harcourt, the Liberal Leader in the Commons, delivered with a broken voice that touched the hearts of all his hearers—

His Legacy to Parliament.

I commend the appropriate and eloquent words in which the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Balfour) has testified to what the House of Commons owes to the life of Mr. Gladstone. To the matchless powers of his genius he added qualities still more valuable. He greatly reverenced the House of Commons. He desired to maintain its reputation as the great organ of the will of a free people. No one who has seen will ever forget the stately dignity, the old-world courtesy which he ever extended to foe and to friend alike. His conduct in the House of Commons, whether in Government or in Opposition, bore the marks of an elevated spirit. He respected others as he respected himself, and he controlled all by his magnanimity. He was strong, but he was also generous. He was

Not only a Great Statesman, but a Great Gentleman.

He exalted the spirit of the Assembly in which he was undisputed chief, and we feel that the House of Commons was greater by his presence as it is greater by his memory. What he did for this House he did for the nation too. It would be impossible to overvalue the influence which

The Purity and Piety of His Public and Private Life

has had upon the life of this country. It has exercised a lasting influence on the moral sense of the people. They have watched him through all the trials of his long career, passed under the fierce light of political controversy, and they have found in him an example which has permanently raised the standard of public life in this nation. What many have preached he practised. His life was a lesson which will not be forgotten. There is not a hamlet in this land where his virtues are not known and felt. They feel that

His Heart was Ever with the Weak, the Miserable, and the Poor.

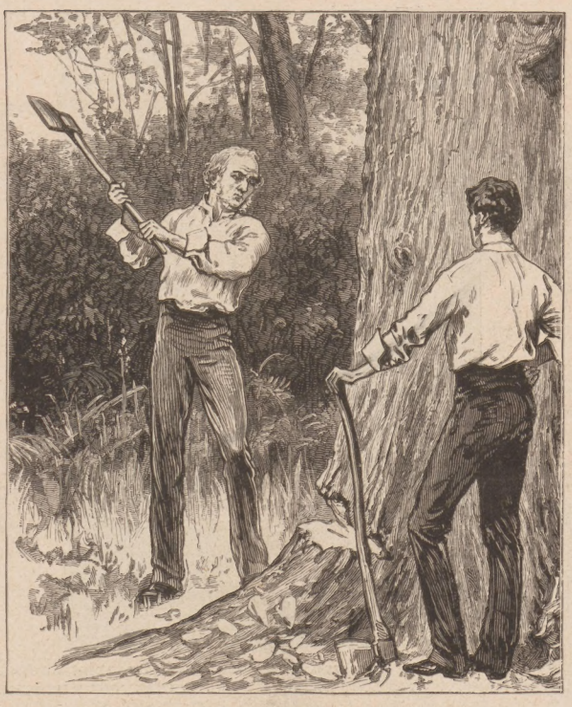
They remember how much his life was spent in labours to alleviate their lot, and they love to think that they were always to him as his flesh and blood. His sympathies were not confined by narrow bounds; the ruling passions of his heart were freedom and peace—freedom not only for his own, but for every people, and peace with freedom; the glad tidings of great joy, the Gospel of that religion to which he was devoutly attached. His voice went forth wherever they might dwell, to all who were desolate and oppressed. What Dr. Macintosh said in his fine speech on the death of Grattan, of his services to the Irish nation, was true in the first degree of Mr. Gladstone. He said: "As it has been the object of his life, so it was his dying prayer that all classes of men

Might be United in Amity and Peace."

That was the spirit of Grattan, and that was the spirit of Mr. Gladstone. In conclusion, may I say a few words of what he was to those who had the

Privilege of His Intimacy in Private Friendship and as His Official Colleagues?

I speak with an experience, I think, longer than that of any man present, and with a recollection of his constant and gracious kindness for five-and-forty years. I have heard men who knew him not at all who have asserted that the supremacy of his genius and the weight of his authority oppressed and overbore those who lived with him and those who worked under him. Nothing could be more untrue. Of all chiefs he was the least exacting. He was the most kind, the most tolerant, he was the most placable. . . . This is a noble close of a long and honourable life, spent in the service of his Queen and his country. He has deserved well of us and of our race; he has left us an undying memory, and the precious inheritance of an enduring example. (Suppressed cheers.)



MR. GLADSTONE AS A WOODMAN AT HAWARDEN.

Mr. Gladstone as a Woodman.

"Oh! woodman, spare that tree!" Such, no doubt, was the adjuration addressed by many a political opponent to Mr. Gladstone in the days when his hand assailed many a Upas branch, relic of feudalism, that flourished in the kingdom. The photograph and sketch we give recall Mr. Gladstone's famous tree-felling achievements in Hawarden Park. Numerous are the anecdotes of his feats as a woodman. One day Mr. Gladstone was felling a tree on the Hayes Farm, at Hawarden. The farmer, who stood by, saw that he was perspiring profusely, and suggested that he should take it a bit easier.

"I can't take it easy till I have it down," said Mr. Gladstone with characteristic determination.

Photo by Pontton. Grandchildren. Mrs. Gladstone. Mr. W. H. Gladstone, M.P. Rev. Stephen Gladstone. The G. O. M.

MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS PRIME: A TREE HE FELLED NEAR HAWARDEN CASTLE.

William Ewart Gladstone.

THE cold swift touch of death makes weak
The voice of Party; all acclaim
Finds but one softened tone in which to speak
A long disputed name.

Death takes Thought's reins in his control,
And now once more unto the Free
Hath whispered, "Peace, oh, peace, a kingly soul
Passeth in majesty.

"A soul serene and beautiful
Mid Faction's ever changing sound;
Which ever sought the Delphic Oracle
Of good, and guidance found.

"Which ne'er aspired to heights removed
From the vast world of toil and care,
And held the titles honoured and beloved,
The highest man can bear.

"Which in one sphere majestical
Moved onward, leaving as it passed
An ever spreading light that lit them all,
As broad as Time and vast.

"Now bid all party clamour cease,
O Freemen that he made more free;
A second Arthur from thy shores to peace
Hath passed in majesty."

Thus Death has spoken, and our sight,
Grown clearer in the spirit sense,
Beholds our England's beautiful and bright
Eric of eloquence—

Beholds him as he was, who freed
The slaves of labour, striking off
With theirs the chains that bound another's creed,
Spite of the bigot's scoff.

Who in the shadow of a throne,
Voicing its mandate, stood, yet heard
The rolling wheels of Progress and the moan
Of toil, though distance blurred.

Whose knowledge never turned aside
From simple truths the master mind.
Broad-chested Faith its bulwark and its guide.
Unswayed by adverse wind.

Who strove to give a lasting lease
Of hope to Erin, and to speed
Unto her shores the white-winged bark of peace
Manned by brave hopes indeed.

The great attempts the Present finds
Its grasp too feeble to sustain;
The Prophet's dreams shall yet in future minds
Awake and live again.

There is no failure, that which seems
Such unto us is but the power
Of some rough Providence that triumph deems
Unfitted to the hour.

Another's hand, unto his day,
Shall round the dream and shape the plan,
And make of that which man had cast away,
A blessing unto man.

Master of men was he whose soul
Still sends from its profundity
A living power to fashion and control
Truth's battles yet to be.

His were the Herculean tasks,
Long fights that honour still might live,
With hydra-headed Circumstance which asks
E'en more than gods can give.

And yet o'er all his life arose
Like a fair picture in the heart
Of some old master in the golden close
Of life whose aim was Art.

That on the world's rough canvas glowed
In rare harmonious light and shade,
So fair that man scarce knew to which he owed
That life was lovelier made.

Morning and noon and evenfall,
Sunshine and shadow, rain and mist,
Grey storm and golden calm, and over all
The fair white Cross of Christ.

And oh! how blest is he whose eyes
See o'er the mists of passing creeds
And clouds of dark'ning gloom that Cross arise,
And follows where it leads.

Who knows that all which tells of tears
Makes Heaven's high purpose clear and plain
And like a poet climbs to nobler spheres
By the rough road of pain.

He shames proud science, puts to rout
The maxims of philosophy,
The subtle reasonings of modern doubt
Fall back to such as he.

To such a one, at close of day,
Death is but rest, the day's reward:
In answer to the summons he can say,
"Ready and waiting, Lord."

O love-crowned Leader, Statesman, Seer,
Thine was, in truth, the highest lore;
For thee the Vale of Shadows held not fear.
For Christ went on before.

KATE BISHOP ("Kay Bee").

You should read the "P.I.P." in NINETY-EIGHT if you wish to be UP-TO-DATE.

1. Writing his Daily Letter to the Queen when Prime Minister.
2. Answering a Question with the Perfection of Courtesy.
3. A Favourite Gesture.
4. Appealing to the Reason of the House.
5. Adjuration.
6. Warning.
7. A Strengthening Draught of Egg and Sherry.
8. Crushing, Pulverising, and Destroying the Argument of a Noble Lord.
9. Quotation.
10. On the Watch.

PICTORIAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. GLADSTONE AS THE FOREMOST ORATOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A Sick Soldier:

His Appetite failed, he lost four stones in Weight, and became very weak. Finally he took Guy's Tonic, enjoyed his Food, put on Flesh, and became strong and permanently well.

An interesting Story is revealed in the following Letter, dated Dec. 28, 1897, from Mr. F. Hennell, of 29, Marshall Street, London Road, S.E.

"Allow me to add my Testimony to the wonderful properties of Guy's Tonic. For twelve "months I was very ill, unable to enjoy my Food, "or, in fact, to eat half what I required, and "consequently *got weaker*. From 14 stone weight "*I was reduced to 10 stone*. I had tried various "medicines, and had been three months attended "by a Medical Practitioner, but with apparently "no benefit. I was at the time a Non-Commissioned Officer in a Line Regiment, and, hearing "of Guy's Tonic, gave it a trial. The result was "marvellous. My Appetite returned almost "immediately, and in three months I had regained 30 lb. weight. I have never had a return "of the Illness. I may also mention that I have "since seen the Medicine used in many cases for "Indigestion, &c., and always with success. You "may make any use you like of this Letter."

Guy's Tonic is the approved British Remedy for the Cure of Indigestion, Flatulence, Pain and Uneasiness after Eating, Torpidity of the Liver, Blotches and Eruptions of the Skin, Sallowness of the Complexion, Pains in the Back, Loss of Flesh, Reduction of Strength, Nervous Prostration, Palpitation, and the large number of Ailments arising from Disordered Conditions of the Alimentary Canal.

Guy's Tonic now 1/1½

A new size (Six Ounce) bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1/1½, is now on Sale at all Chemists' and Stores. This great concession in price is the result of vast sales of Guy's Tonic.

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining Guy's Tonic locally, send Postal Order, 1/3, and the Medicine will be promptly forwarded, privately packed, post paid, by Guy's Tonic Company, 12, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. [ADVT.]

Neave's Food

BEST & CHEAPEST.

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, CHILDREN, & THE AGED.

"Admirably adapted to the wants of Infants."—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
In 1-lb. Tins, 1s. each.

Pyn-ka
the Polisher.

You don't need to be rich to be polished—a pennyworth of PYN-KA does it.

PYN-KA

Leaves no Scratches on Silver, Electroplate, Brass, Nickel, &c., and will make a most brilliant polish that does not easily tarnish.

PYN-KA of Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

Pyn-ka
the Polisher.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

THE QUEEN'S CONSOLATORY LETTER TO MRS. GLADSTONE is understood to have comforted greatly the departed Statesman's widow, to whom all our hearts have gone forth. The death of the Grand Old Man cast a shadow on the Trooping the Colour pageant in celebration of the Queen's Birthday, and over every other public ceremony. On May 24, Her Majesty was seventy-nine. May the Queen live to reign over us for many years yet! From Balmoral she wired prompt assent to Parliament's request that Mr. Gladstone's remains should be interred, after the two days lying-in-State at Westminster Hall, in the Abbey. His last resting-place is illustrated on another page.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, besides telegraphing their deepest sympathy to Mrs. Gladstone and family, on Sunday morning attended the special service in St. James's Chapel Royal in memory of the Statesman whose loss we all mourn.

Mr. Gladstone's Coffin-plate bears the following inscription: "William Ewart Gladstone, born Dec. 29, 1809; entered into rest May 19, 1898—being Ascension Day."

President McKinley Cabled to Hawarden a message conveying "the sympathy and sorrow of the American people at the passing away in the ripeness of years and fulness of success of one of the most notable figures of modern civil statesmanship." Similarly heartfelt votes of sympathy came from President Faure, the Emperor William, and every other Head of Foreign Powers.

The Czar of Russia Telegraphed to Mrs. Gladstone: "I have just received painful news of Mr. Gladstone's decease, and consider it my duty to express to you my feelings of sincere sympathy on the occasion of the cruel and irreparable bereavement which has befallen you, as well as the deep regret which this sad event has given me. The whole of the civilised world will beweep the loss of the great statesman whose political view was so widely humane and peaceful." The telegram, which was in English, was signed, "Nicholas."

Mr. Gladstone was a Pall-bearer at the funeral of another Premier, Lord Palmerston, who was buried in the Abbey on October 27, 1865. All the pall-bearers were of Cabinet rank. They were ten in number; and Mr. Gladstone has risen to the greatest eminence of any.

A Life-like Coloured Portrait of Mr. Gladstone is presented with the handsome half-crown "History of His Life," published seasonably by Ingram Brothers at the *Illustrated London News* office, 198, Strand. This grand special Number has been in such demand that it has been difficult to print the different editions fast enough for the public. Coloured portrait and richly illustrated biography are both admirable, and form an interesting Gladstone memorial no British home should be without. The massive forehead and eloquent brown eyes are marvellously well realised in the copy of Mr. Weigall's Academy portrait of Mr. Gladstone.

A Gladstone Painting from Life, for which Mr. Gladstone granted the late Mr. Thomas J. Gullick special sittings about the period he resigned the Premiership, was pronounced a most faithful likeness by Mrs. Gladstone. This grand portrait possesses, indeed, qualities which entitle it to be compared even with Millais's poetical painting. Wonderful is the vividness Mr. Gullick conveyed in this masterly work of art, which is now on view daily before 6.30 p.m. at the studio of that clever artist, Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, The Holt, 12, Loudoun Road, St. John's Wood. This noble Gladstone should be acquired by Sir Henry Tate for his National Art Gallery, or should be bought for some Liberal Club.

As an Art Critic Mr. Gladstone Possessed Admirable Taste and judgment, although he never talked the "studio slang" which some professed lovers of pictures consider essential. More than once the writer has had the pleasure of meeting him at a "private view," and the comments Mr. Gladstone made were always in good taste and refinement. He did not care so much for mere brush-work, but preferred "subject pictures" in which there was a poetic sentiment or which told a natural incident in a direct way. When any work pleased him, he would frequently turn to the person nearest, even if a stranger, and make some comment. The writer was once appealed to in this way at the Society of British Artists, and could happily agree entirely with Mr. Gladstone's estimate of the work which had attracted his attention.

Kew Gardens, always attractive, will be more so than ever in future, owing to the kindly desire of the Queen that Kew Palace and the Queen's Cottage at Kew should be thrown open to the public on the anniversary of her birthday. On June 1 the Gardens are to open an hour earlier than usual.

A Convention Between England and America was made public last Monday, and it will no doubt cause considerable agitation in those countries where the prospect of an Anglo-Saxon alliance is viewed with disfavour. The agreement with the United States is mainly for the purpose of settling those points of difference which might lead to disputes between the two countries.

"Die Meistersinger," Wagner's humorous opera, attracted an enormous audience to the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, last Saturday night. M. Edouard de Reszke, who had had a rather severe attack of rheumatism, had sufficiently recovered to appear as the grand old musical cobbler. Madame Eames was a charming Eva, and M. Jean de Reszke was supremely fine as the prize singer and tender lover Walther. The Prince was in the omnibus box, and the Princess of Wales graced the Royal box. The comic element in this opera is extremely quaint and original, and some of the minor characters, such as the fussy Beckmesser, are very droll. The opera was first produced at Munich in 1868. The Princess of Wales and suite witnessed the performance of "Die Walküre" last Monday evening. With Jean and Edouard de Reszke and Madame Nordica, "Tristan und Isolde" was the attraction on Tuesday. "Faust" and "Mefistofele" followed on Wednesday and Thursday. "Die Meistersinger" is down for Friday with its magnificent cast.

The Nineteenth Annual Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall is to the full as inspiring as any of its predecessors. The pageant of "Shoulder to Shoulder," showing types of the various British regiments that fought at periods as different as 1596, 1745, 1801, and 1898, evokes the enthusiasm of the public, and should draw big houses during the Whitsuntide holidays. It is hard to imagine that the stately warriors masquerading

SKETCHES AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

with the pike and arquebus are the veritable Tommy Atkinses who are the guardians of our hearths and homes to-day. They appear to have walked out of some old-world picture by Sir John Gilbert, and seem as though they would do themselves credit on the stage, for their make-believe is perfect. The contingent of non-commissioned officers sent from Aldershot are the smartest company of trained athletes which has ever appeared in the arena of the Agricultural Hall. The piping of Findlater, the hero of Dargai, is a most attractive draw, and the taking of the imaginary Benin is a scene to dwell in the memory and bring home to all of us the conditions of warfare against the inhuman savages of Africa. Most ably has Lieutenant-Colonel Ward, as the secretary of this national undertaking, with Major Crabbe, his treasurer, arranged matters for this year.

Mr. Arthur Roberts's Humour and Quick Changes afford much merriment in the revived comic musical piece of "Don Quixote" at the Lyric, where he is supported with rare spirit by Mr. Denny and a brisk company comprising several dexterous dancers and a comely chorus.

MR. GLADSTONE'S BIRTHPLACE, RODNEY STREET, LIVERPOOL.

TO GLADSTONE

Abbey, rich with sacred ashes
Of our heroes who are dead,
Warrior, poet, king, and statesman,
Men whose books are world-wide read,
Once again the grave is opened,
And the solemn organ peal
Bids us pay a fitting tribute
To a life so true, so real.

England grieves in contemplation
Of the hero who is gone;
Bows her head as from her presence
Noblest of her sons is borne.
Yet for him she cannot sorrow:
Pain has ceased, the battle's o'er,
Death has come, a guest most welcome
Borne him to his longed-for shore.

Voice of partisanship ceases,
Strife and wrath are put away;
Friend and foe together gather,
Fitting tribute there to pay.
'Tis the man as man they mourn for,
Men and women great and small,
Life so noble, held so solemn,
Shed its influence o'er all.

Powerless are our tongues to utter
All thy virtues, all thy powers—
Powers of eloquence and learning,
Gifts of insight, well-spent hours.
May thy stainless name of honour,
Moral tone, so pure, so high,
Never cease to be remembered,
Cherished, as the years roll by.

ETHEL A. GALTON.

"P.I.P." WAR CHRONICLE.

THE mystic movements of Admiral Cervera's Cape Verde Fleet—at the rumoured arrival of which at Santiago de Cuba Madrid rejoiced, though the truth of the report was disbelieved in Washington—have clearly interfered with the blockade of Cuba, and manifestly upset the plans of Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley, whose squadron met at Key West.

The Invasion of Cuba

is meanwhile being rapidly prepared for by the Americans. The office of Secretary of War in the United States Cabinet at the present grave crisis is naturally a most responsible one, and whatever Major-General Russell A. Alger's position may be when the country is at peace, he is undoubtedly having a very trying time just now. Major-General Alger is sixty-three years of age. He served throughout the Civil War, participating in about sixty battles, and finally being gazetted Major-General for "gallantry and meritorious service," so that he is eminently fitted for the post he now occupies. He controls a very large interest in the lumber business. In 1884 he was Governor of Michigan.

General Miles

is anxious for the forward movement to begin at once, and the President realises that relief for the suffering non-combatants is one of the principal objects of the war, and

THE INVASION OF CUBA; PLACES WHERE THE U.S. TROOPS ARE BEING ORGANISED.

renders immediate invasion imperative. The War Department intends to send 60,000 men, the transport arrangements permitting 25,000 to be moved at a time, from Tampa. The various regiments are being actively organised at many of the cities and towns shown on the accompanying map for the work that will be required of them.

Troops for Manila.

The 1st Regiment of Californian Volunteers, 1086 strong, embarked on board the *City of Pekin*, at San Francisco, last Monday. A crowd of many thousands gathered at the docks and cheered them.

Spain's Rumoured Sale of the Philippines to France

is scarcely likely to be realised. The French Republic desires to allay the irritation caused against France in America by French sympathy with Spain; and it is, therefore, improbable that France would make confusion worse confounded by acquiring the Philippines, especially as Admiral Dewey's Fleet remains still on guard at Manila.

Senor Villamil,

who is in command of the Spanish torpedo flotilla, which left Cape Verde with the Spanish Fleet on April 29, is a man on whom Spain has its eye, and great things are expected from him. He certainly has been clever enough to keep his movements pretty secret, and create something like a scare at American seaports. Admiral Villamil is a devout Roman Catholic, and his men are apparently imbued with their commander's spirit. Before leaving Cadiz the Admiral visited the shrine of the Virgin, accompanied by the crews of the vessels under his command. Addressing his men, he offered to any who felt fear the choice of

CAPTAIN VILLAMIL,
COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH TORPEDO FLOTILLA.

remaining behind; but the crews unanimously replied that they preferred sharing with their commander the dangers of the seas, and of the war if it came. Whereupon the Admiral and his seamen knelt before the crucifix, and took a solemn vow never to return to Spain unless victorious. Unfortunately, three of his Spanish torpedo-boats and two transports had, on April 29, to return to St. Vincent owing to a collision between two of the torpedo-boats. The damage was only slight, however, and the vessels left again soon afterwards.

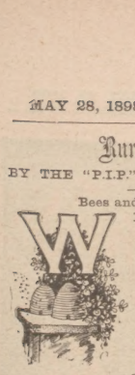
IT MAKES A LADY MAD to find her blankets and furs ruined by moths. She ought when placing away to see they are plentifully sprinkled with KEATING'S POWDER. This is unrivalled in killing moths, fleas, beetles, whilst harmless to everything but insects. Sold in 3d., 6d., and 1s. tins, everywhere.—[ADVT.]

SULPHOLINE SKIN LOTION.—The only effective remedy for SKIN TROUBLES. SULPHOLINE quickly drives away Eruptions, Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Blackheads, and all Disfigurements, developing a fair, spotless skin, and beautiful complexion. TRY SULPHOLINE LOTION, Shilling Bottles.—[ADVT.]

Rural Life.

BY THE "P.I.P." COTTAGE FARMER.

Bees and Bee-Flowers.



HEN on their foraging expeditions, bees seek two distinct supplies — pollen and nectar. The early Spring flowers afford the former most abundantly. The fruit and later blossoms yield nectar. The first and best of pollen yielders are the willow family. The best of trees for nectar is the lime. In early Spring the great use of pollen is for making bee-bread to feed the young bees upon. It must occur to readers what an important part

The Bee

in the business activity of which the great statesman we mourn vied with throughout his benevolent life) plays in the world of nature. If we had no bees we should probably in time get no fruit at all. Many bees mean much fruit. Moreover in the act of collecting pollen and nectar—the natural habits of bees—it is impossible for the other aids to nature to be shirked or avoided by them even if the bees tried to do it. A bee, in lowering its proboscis in order to reach the nectar, either brushes against the stamens or carries off pollen grains to other flowers, thus directly causing fertilisation to take place. It is a rule in nature that

A Pistil Fertilised by the Pollen

of another flower, or by that of the flower of another individual of its own kind (that is to say, by bee-borne pollen), produces more and larger seeds or fruits than if it had been fertilised by the pollen of its own flower. And perhaps you have never thought that the peculiarity either in structure, colour, scent, secretion, or other insect attraction of each flower is thus provided to prevent it from being always fertilised by its own pollen, and to facilitate its

THE HOME OF THE BUSY BEE.

being cross-fertilised by pollen from other flowers. You may never have observed that in some of the less enticing flowers of deep red and purple hues, and which contain neither nectar nor pollen suitable for bees, there is a faint colour of an unpleasant kind that bees avoid, but by which flies and other insects are enticed, and thus fertilisation is assured. Coming to a practical issue of this note, I want to point out that

Bees are Well Worth Keeping

and caring for if we do not make their honey-yield a major consideration. But if (and I will here keep well within figures) honey sells well at 6d. per lb., and each swarm makes only 50 lb., the keeping of bees is profitable. A

Succession of Pollen and of Nectar,

till the strawberries are over and the limes and heather are in bloom, is needful to get first-class results from bees. Neighbourhoods of that sort should be taken full advantage of, and 100 lb. of honey should be expected from every hive in full work.

Small Farms for Profit.

The foregoing is an exemplification of what I urge in pursuing profitable small farming—a thorough acquaintance with whys and wherefores, and a determination to take full advantage of things that will work in. With from three or four to fifteen to twenty acres of land under his or her hands, no matter what other operations may be going on upon the area, there will always be time for the cultivator or owner to attend to bees. Suppose a place to be running for dairying, pigs, and poultry, and that three or four acres at the most be devoted to fruit.

Twenty Hives of Bees,

capable of making, by the sale of new stocks and of honey, £20 a year, will be a most valuable item, especially when the increased value in crops of fruit is taken into consideration. Other side industries that help to swell the profits are such features as

Cucumber and Tomato Growing.

A cucumber-house is easy to work when once one knows the routine, and the half-hour's attention it requires two or three times daily is scarcely noticed. Cucumbers may be had in profitable bearing from April to September without much trouble. Such sights as that seen in the Illustration are quite possible on every well-managed farm.

A CROP OF CUCUMBERS.

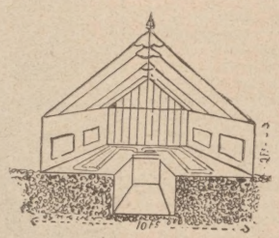
How much is such a crop worth? Take the cucumbers at half-a-crown a dozen—an average market price—and estimate that a plant can be grown to each four feet of the length of each side of the structure. That means that a house 48 ft. long would accommodate twenty-four cucumber plants. In a frame 4 ft. by 6 ft. I once grew about seventy-five cucumbers upon one plant. In a steadily working house every plant will be capable of that average, or, say, twenty-four times six dozen cucumbers. Twenty-four times six dozen equals a return of £18. What would the cucumbers sell for if one had a private sale for them? Would it or they average fourpence? And then there is the use of the house for a winter crop that may make at least as much money.

A Cucumber and Winter Greenhouse.

It may suit a few readers to give them a sketch of the interior of a useful, cheap structure that will serve for such things as cucumbers. The one shown here is 25 ft. long by 10 ft. wide. Its total cost in structural material—plates, sash-bars, glass, door, and ventilators—with a coil boiler to set in brickwork and sufficient hot-water piping to heat it well, may be bought all ready for fixing together for

About £15 10s.

The sides are 2 ft. deep, and are of wood. A sunken path up the middle of the house gives head-room. If this were to be intended for a permanent cucumber-house, I would take out the earth in the sides as well, and make room for either a hot-bed of dung and leaves to grow the plants upon or for a staging with hot-air pipes passing beneath it.



A CUCUMBER-HOUSE INTERIOR.

Where the leaves of oak and beech trees are very plentiful, a steady and lasting hot-bed can be easily kept up. A bed of half leaves and half stable-dung will give out a mild heat for five or six months. Even less costly houses than this may be erected. I once built some turf walls a foot high with the turves I cut from the site for a house that was to be 100 ft. long by 12 ft. wide. I laid a plate of wood upon the turf and placed a low-span roof of sash-bars and glass overhead, and at once had a very useful forcing-house. I fitted it myself with 3-in. hot-water piping, making the joints of rubber rings, and I set the coil for a boiler in brickwork. This house served for cucumbers. It

Also Forced French Beans, Rhubarb, and Asparagus

capitally. In autumn I ripened off my open-air-grown tomatoes within it, and afterwards I took in a batch of late-flowering chrysanthemums that came into cut during December and paid me fairly well. The culture of these things is all (as I said above) easy enough in routine. Ordinary farming cannot come near them for profits; and I believe the days are rapidly approaching when only intensive and special culture of anything will be practised in this country.

"Landlord and Tenant."

A useful penny handbook with the above title may be recommended as a compact guide to the laws relating to landlords and tenants, water, gas, electric-lighting, and sanitary regulations, forms of agreement, taxes and rates, compensation for improvements, etc. It is one of the capital penny handbooks issued by Ward and Lock, price 2d., post free, from their Salisbury Square House, London, E.C. The series includes guides to Gardening, Poultry-keeping, Letter-writing, Home Management, and a serviceable Ready Reckoner, each at the same price. Now, don't write to me, but send straight to Ward and Lock, at the above address.

Farming: the Four-Course System.

"G. F. Bowden."—Rotations vary, but the four-course system most common is: (1) Corn, (2) Roots, (3) Corn, (4) Clover. The theory is that each crop takes from the soil some ingredient in larger quantities than other crops, and that some crops leave the ground in a specially good state for others—*e.g.*, clover before corn.

Sale or Commission.

"J. W. D." (Cheshire).—I shall be pleased to put you into touch with some growers and producers in your district, as you state that you can take a good supply of fruit and vegetables. The *Rural Month'ly* is posted to you to-day.

Three Acres and a Cow.

"N. L. C."—It has been proved scores of times, and it is, in fact, within the personal experience of every rural resident that two cows, two sows, and fifty good fowls are capable of producing more than a good living for a couple. It is never too late or too early to start. Get a place any time. The best agency is that I recommended last week, the Co-operative Land Investment Corporation, offices at 5, Moorgate Street Buildings, E.C., and you will be able to get a few acres through that source at almost any price and in almost any locality. If you are skilful and plodding, you may clear considerably over £100 a year, with the stock above named on three or four acres.

"All My Chickens Sneeze and Gape!"

"Lo Marah" says: "I have taken the *P.I.P.* for ten years and have not missed getting it once, as I order it of the newsagent and he delivers it regularly." That is the way all regular readers of "Rural Life" should obtain their copies. I am sorry "Lo Marah" does not manage her chickens so well. Get Spratt's Patent's little threepenny book, "The Common-Sense of Poultry-Keeping," and it will tell you much more than I possibly can in this short space about "all the ills that fowls are heir to," and how to cure or prevent them.

Proportion of Fowls to Keep. Tools.

"J. A." (Midlothian).—For a house 5 ft. by 4 ft. by 5 ft., and run 24 ft. by 5 ft., keep not more than half a dozen permanently. The tool you ask about is advertised in some of the papers: I have lost the circular I got the note from.

Selling Ducklings.

"L. R." (Suffolk).—Your ducklings at fourteen weeks are too old to kill for prime ducklings. Ten to twelve weeks is the best age. Try West Smithfield or Leadenhall Markets.

Stock Table-Rabbits.

"Miriam."—The table-rabbits described in my book "Sport and Profit," are a specially crossed breed. You can make the crosses yourself by keeping stock of the breeds named. Try the advertising columns of the *Stock-keeper*, the *Bazaar and Mart*, or the *Live Stock Journal*.

Peafowl in a Garden.

"L. L." (Alderney).—You will ruin your garden. They are most destructive. Peahens will sit. They will perch anywhere, and are not easy to restrain. They are fairly hardy.

Buying Cows for Milking.

"A *P.I.P.* Reader" (Kent).—There is always great difficulty in buying really good heavy milkers. Farm sales, fairs, and markets are the best places. Buy second calvers just dropping the calf, if you can. The Co-operative Farm that I am now helping to fit out and develop in Sussex will make a specialty of supplying good dairy cows.

Girl Gardeners.

"White Rose."—Swanley, you say, is too expensive for the young lady to learn at. There she would learn the routine of gardening probably, but would it not be better to let her master the management of bees, dairying, poultry-keeping, and suchlike as well, and then she would be qualified to take a situation as home-farm manager. There are lots of vacancies for ladies with those qualifications; and, as I stated last week, I am able to recommend a farm school where all those things are carried on and taught.

N.B.—The writer of "Rural Life" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, London, W.C. All readers should order their copies in advance of the nearest Newsagent, or at the *P.I.P.* Office.

CHESS.

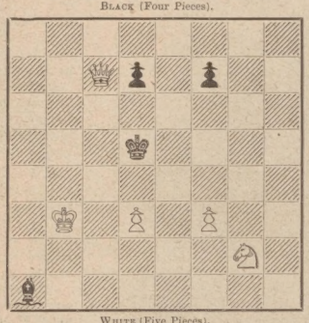
CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 223.

1. Q to K 1st	K to Q 4th
2. Q to Kt 4th	K to K 3rd
3. Q to Q 6th, mate.	
Or 1. Q to K 1st	P takes Kt
2. Q to R 4th (ch)	K to B 4th
3. Kt to Kt 7th, mate.	
Or 1. Q to K 1st	P to B 7th
2. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	K to B 6th
3. Q to Kt 4th, mate, etc.	

PROBLEM No. 224.—By T. TAVERNER.

BLACK (Four Pieces).



WHITE (Five Pieces).

White to play, and mate in two moves.

COUNTRY PLAY.

Chess is a pastime which gives great pleasure to its devotees. In the natural order of things experts arise who make it their business to minister to that pleasure by placing their knowledge and experience at the service of the multitude. It is quite right that such chess ministers should take a serious view of their duties. At the same time they run great danger of also taking a too serious view of the game; in that they are wrong, for they should never forget the primary object of chess should be to amuse and entertain. Such views are the cause of a very large number of entertaining games being rejected by experts, as may be, perhaps, they contain two or three unsound moves. Now this is taking a too serious view of the game, and, moreover, deprives the very players that most need it—namely, those who have talent but lack experience of that guidance which the notes and comments of an expert would afford. We intend in future not to look at games sent to us in too serious a manner, and are open to publish them provided we discern a sufficiency of the genuine metal among the quartz.

The following game recently played at Carlisle, will serve as a good example in illustration of the above remarks—

WHITE (C. Platt).	BLACK (F. A. Bertioll).	WHITE (C. Platt).	BLACK (F. A. Bertioll).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th		
2. P to Q 4th	Q to R 5th		

It is never, or hardly ever, good to move out the Queen thus early in the game, as she is liable to be much harassed by the opponent's minor pieces.

3. B to Q 3rd	P takes P		

White takes a right view of the situation. Rapid development of pieces in the opening is worth a temporary sacrifice of a pawn. Such Pawns, as a rule, are easily recovered later on. All Gambit openings are based on this principle.

4. K Kt to B 3rd	Q to B 3rd		
5. P to K 5th	B to Kt 5th (ch)		

This move loses a piece, though Black gets some compensation in Pawns. He could have played Q to Q Kt 3rd, but then White would continue his rapid development, either by castling or by 6. Q Kt to Q 2nd.

6. P to B 3rd	P takes P		
7. P takes P	B takes P (ch)		
8. Kt takes B	Q to K 2nd		
9. Castles	K to t to R 3rd		
10. R to K 1st	P to Q R 3rd		

If Black had castled, White could have continued with K Kt to Kt 5th, winning the K R P; 16. B takes Q Mate.

11. Kt to K 4th	P to Q Kt 4th		

Reasonable enough, as he cannot progress farther on the King's side. Black endeavoured to get his pieces out by B to Kt 2nd, etc.; but, as will be seen, openings are based on this principle.

12. Kt to Q 6 (ch)	K to Q 1st		

Of course, the Bishop must be protected. If P takes Kt, B. P takes P wins the Queen.

13. B to Kt 5th (ch)			

White has conducted the game in a spirited manner, and has made telling moves at the right moment.

13.			
14. P takes P	P to B 3rd	Q takes Kt	

The game was hopeless in any case. P takes P, giving up the Queen, would have been no improvement.

15. P to B 7th (ch)	Q to K 2nd		

DRAUGHTS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 180.—By "Two Holy Boys."

Black: 1, 2, 4, 12, 13, 17, 25x.
White: 9, 10, 11, 15, 16, 27, 31x.

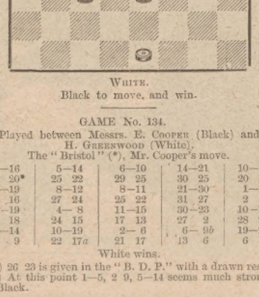
White to move, and win.

3	7	19—26	1—19	2—9	4—11		
12—19		10 6	9 6	11 8	7 5		
27	23				W. wins		

PROBLEM No. 181.

By A. E. STOLLERY (London).

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move, and win.

GAME No. 134.

Played between Messrs. E. Cooper (Black) and H. Greenwood (White).

The "Bristol" (*). Mr. Cooper's move.

11—16	5—14	6—10	14—21	10—15			
24 20*	25 22	29 25	30 25	20 16			
16—19	8—12	8—11	21—30	1—10			
23 16	27 24	25 22	31 27	2 6			
12—19	4—8	11—15	30—23	10—14			
22 18	24 15	17 13	27 2	28 24			
9—14	10—19	2—6	6—10	19—28			
18 9	22 17a	21 17	13 6	6 9			

White wins.

(*a*) 26 23 is given in the "B. D. P." with a drawn result. (*b*) At this point 1—5, 2 9, 5—14 seems much stronger for Black.

ASTHMA

LUNG TROUBLES, BLOOD-SPITTING, BRONCHITIS, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, EMPHYSEMA, HAY-FEVER, &c.

Those suffering from the above receive POST FREE particulars of my Special Cure, which is NOT OF A TRANSIENT, BUT A TRACEABLE, LASTING EFFECT, not only combating single symptoms, but removing the causes of those diseases. Therefore a PERMANENT CURE is assured.

TRIBUTE OF MEDICAL MEN.

I have tried the treatment on myself, and have practised it for fifteen years on many thousands of special cases with the best results, and many medical men have acknowledged to me that my cure is a successful one. Here are three such testimonials:

Dr. W., of L., writes: "I have carefully studied your instructions, and find them not only scientifically correct, but also satisfactory in the way of embodying the latest researches."

Dr. R., of M., writes: "I find your Cure Formula perfect, and am quite convinced of the advantages of your directions."

Dr. K., of P. (80 years of age), writes: "My Asthma has decreased very much by the use of your treatment, and I hope to have a continuance of your advice, in which I have the utmost confidence."

Officially confirmed letters of thanks testify to surprising successes by patients who have suffered for 30 years, and more, though in advanced years—say, 70 to 80. Many are cured after having been given up as incurable. No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from COLD FEET.

PAUL WEIDHAAS, Pulmonary Institute, 39H, YORK ROAD, BRIGHTON.

PRACTICE SINCE 1881.

TESTIMONIES OF CLERGYMEN.

The Rev. Chas. S. writes: "I am quite certain if I had not obtained your most excellent advice I should have been knocked down again by the complaint, and could not have survived this time. Therefore may God in Heaven bless you for the good you have done me, for I am feeling my old self again, and able to work as in my younger days."

The Rev. F., of P., writes: "I truly confess that I am a very enthusiastic admirer of your treatment."

A FEW OF THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS CURED.

"I cannot forbear expressing to you my very best thanks for the cure of my painful Asthma and Bronchitis, accompanied with singing, whistling, rattling noises in the chest. I had taken all remedies which were prescribed for me, but without success. I had no rest at night—I had to sit in bed and gasp for breath, and cough continuously. I thought I should suffocate. I could get no relief from doctors; they said it was chronic—in fact, I never expected to walk again. I feel I cannot be too thankful for the direction of Providence which led me to Mr. Weidhaas's treatment, by which I have the pleasure of saying I can now walk, eat, drink, sleep—in fact, do anything. The first time I went out after I commenced the treatment was in the frost and snow, and I am happy to say I have had no return of asthma since. I express to Mr. Weidhaas my very best thanks for all the trouble which he has taken in my case, and shall have much pleasure in recommending his treatment to all fellow-sufferers.—Mrs. M. J. CHAPPLE, Horrabridge." (Address on application.)

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS AND THREATENED CONSUMPTION CURED.

"My little boy had a very bad attack of Bronchitis, which left him with a cough and very weak. He was getting worse year after year. He was so bad at times that he could not go out, his breathing was so bad. When he went to bed he would shriek out as if he were being choked. He would jump up in bed in fright night after night, and the night sweats were shocking—perspiration would run down his face—yet all we did for him seemed to do him no good. The attacks came back on the least change in the weather. I took him to and fro the Children's Hospital for some time, but he did not get any better. They told me it was Chronic Bronchitis, and they feared consumption. Then I saw the testimonials of Paul Weidhaas, and he went under his treatment, thank God! I can say he has cured my poor boy after four years' suffering, and saved him from an early grave. I feel sure I should not have had him long. And now to see him—it hardly seems true; once more a strong, healthy boy. We feel sure if poor mothers only knew of this cure there would not be so many little sufferers. I can never thank you enough, kind sir, for what you have done for my child. I shall be very pleased to see anyone who likes to come. May God bless you wherever you go. From a thankful mother.—E. SCRUSE, Brighton." (Address on application.)

ASTHMA COMBINED WITH INDIGESTION (AFTER TEN YEARS STANDING) CURED.

"I am deeply grateful to Mr. Weidhaas for what he has done for me. For ten years I was a great sufferer from Asthma and Indigestion, and little did I think when I applied to him that he would cure me. The attacks generally occurred twice a week after exertion or inhaling dust, and at night my breathing became so bad that I could not lie down, but had to sit up in bed. The attacks were accompanied with great pain in the chest and wheezing, also giddiness and palpitation of the heart, leaving me next morning as weak as a child. I tried several remedies, which only gave me temporary relief. Seeing Mr. Weidhaas's advertisement I applied to him, and after three weeks' treatment was very much better, which finally resulted in a thorough cure of the complaint. My case was very deep seated, and I may say I was never better than at present. I can now go to bed assured of a good night's rest; in fact, I feel different altogether. I can recommend Mr. Weidhaas' treatment to all who suffer from Asthma, as it is effected without the aid of drugs or chemicals, for while these may give some relief they never can cure."—E. HILL, Stroud, Gloucester. (Full address on application.)

Sufferers, act in your own interest by trying a real cure instead of only relieving remedies.

Send at once description of complaint, and also say if you suffer from COLD FEET, to

PAUL WEIDHAAS, PULMONARY INSTITUTE. 39H, YORK ROAD, BRIGHTON.

Photo by Poulton.

Lord Rosebery, as Mr. Gladstone's successor in the Premiership, made one of his best speeches in the House of Lords in paying homage to Mr. Gladstone's memory on May 20. Most touching was his reference to the "union of hearts" the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone exemplified: "My Lords, there is one deeply melancholy feature of Mr. Gladstone's end, by far the most pathetic, to which I think none of my noble friends has referred. I think that all our thoughts must be turned, now that Mr. Gladstone is gone, to the solitary and pathetic figure, who for sixty years shared all the sorrows and all the joys of Mr. Gladstone's life, who received his confidence and every aspiration, who shared his triumphs with him and cheered him under his defeats; who by her tender vigilance, I firmly believe, sustained and prolonged his years. I think that the occasion ought not to pass without letting Mrs. Gladstone know that she is in all our thoughts to-day."

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE IN RETIREMENT.

MR. GLADSTONE AND HAWARDEN CHURCH.

NEXT to St. Stephen's itself, the little church at Hawarden must ever be associated most closely with the name of Mr. Gladstone. It was there he was married to the truest and most sympathetic of wives; and it was there his deep voice often vibrated as he read the Sunday lessons, as depicted on the present page; and it was in the same sacred edifice that the body lay in State before its removal to London.

A particularly melancholy interest, under these circumstances, was attached to the funeral service held in Hawarden Church

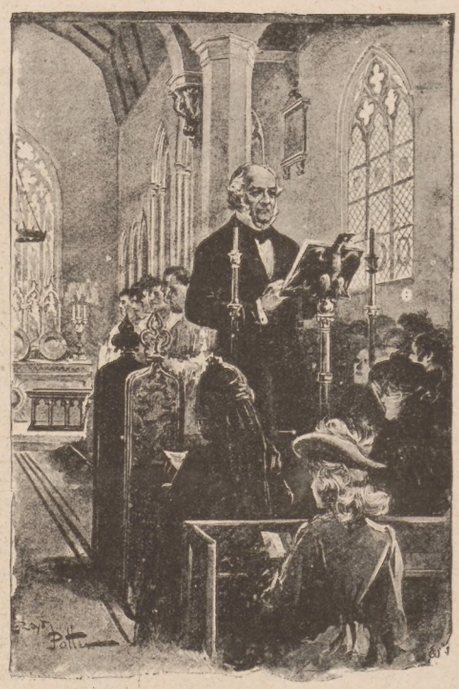
On Sunday Morning Last.

According to the *Daily Mail*, Mrs. Gladstone, who bore pitiful evidence of the great sorrow she has suffered so bravely, entered by the south door, leaning heavily on the arm of one of her daughters, and walked slowly to her husband's pew in the chancel. The seat which Mr. Gladstone usually occupied was taken during the first portion of the service by Mrs. Drew; Mrs. Gladstone sat between Mrs. Drew and her grandchild, Dorothy Drew, with Mrs. Wickham next. While the hymn before the sermon was being sung, Mrs. Gladstone changed places with Mrs. Drew, and moved into her husband's seat, probably that she might better hear the discourse of her son-in-law, the Dean of Lincoln.

In the back pew were Mrs. W. H. Gladstone, Miss Helen Gladstone, Master W. H. Gladstone—the young owner of the Hawarden estates—and his two sisters Evelyn and Constantine. On the north side of the chancel were Mrs. Stephen Gladstone and her children, Dr. Biss, Sir W. B. Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gladstone, Miss Wickham and Master Edward Wickham, and Mrs. Talbot, the wife of the Bishop of Rochester.

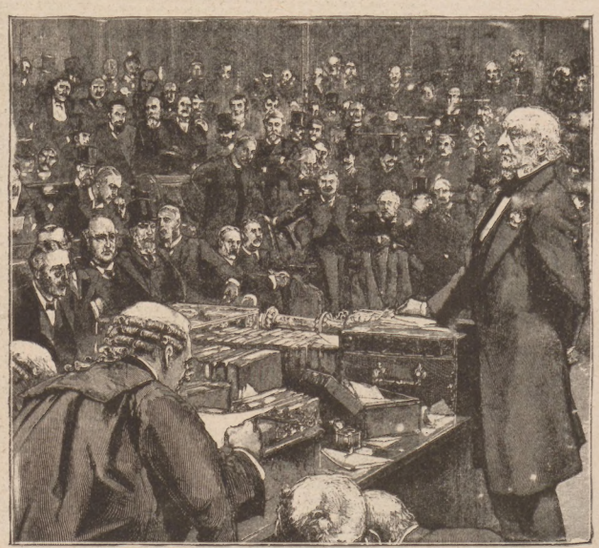
The chants were sung to an arrangement by the late Mr. W. H. Gladstone. Two of the hymns selected were pathetically appropriate, because they were Mr. Gladstone's favourites, and were among those which were recited by his bedside in the last hour of his life. These were "Rock of Ages" and "Praise to the Holiest in the Height." The rector, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, conducted the first part of the service, and the sermon was preached earnestly by the Dean of Lincoln from the text, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith" (2 Timothy iv., verse 7). At the close of the service the members of the Gladstone family remained behind till the outer worshippers had left, and then Mrs. Gladstone was assisted to her carriage.

The Bishop of Rochester preached before a crowded congregation in Hawarden church on Sunday night. Mrs. Gladstone and the other members of the family were again present, and it was noticed that the bereaved lady was looking considerably better than at the morning service.



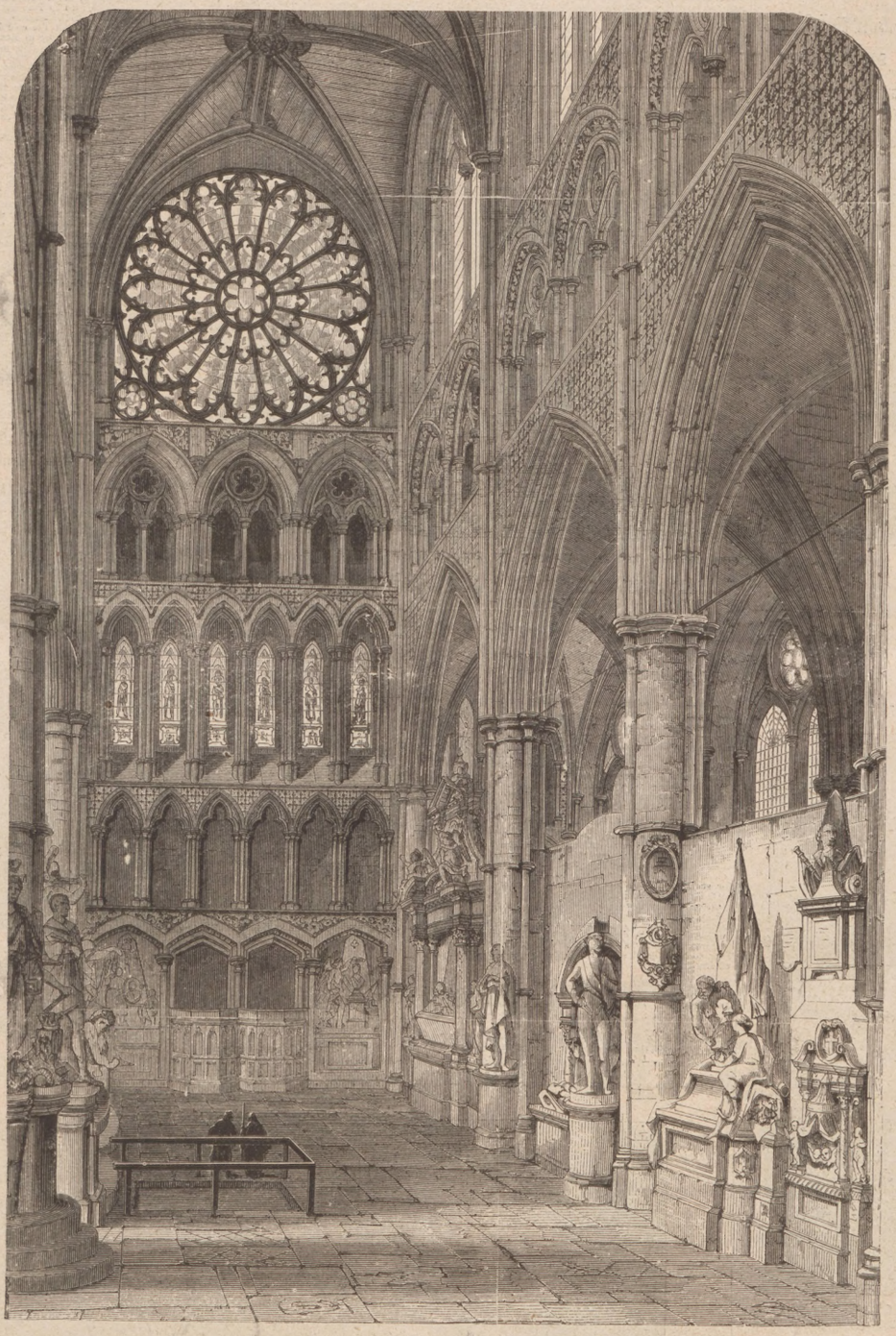
MR. GLADSTONE READING THE LESSONS IN HAWARDEN CHURCH.

MR GLADSTONE AS LORD RECTOR OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.



"It would be a misery to me if I had omitted in these closing years any measure possible for me to take towards upholding and promoting the cause, which I believe to be the cause not of one party or another, one nation or another, but of all parties and all nations inhabiting these islands. To those nations—viewing them, as I do, with all their vast opportunities under a living union for power and for happiness—to those nations I say: Let me entreat you—and if it were with my latest breath I would entreat you—to let the dead bury its dead, to cast behind you every recollection of bygone evils, and to cherish, to love, to sustain one another through all the vicissitudes of human affairs in the times that are to come."

MR. GLADSTONE EXPLAINING HIS SECOND IRISH HOME RULE BILL TO THE COMMONS ON FEBRUARY 13, 1893.



MR. GLADSTONE'S LAST RESTING-PLACE: STATESMEN'S CORNER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

OUR SUMMER GAME.

THAT our cricketers belong to a hardy race no one will deny after their performances during the early weeks of this season. The chill winds and damp turf have by no means acted as deterrents, though they may have caused many a sigh for pleasanter conditions. At times the bowler has proved perfectly irresistible on account of the "bite" in the ground; but

Batsmen

have certainly not allowed J. T. Hearne, F. S. Jackson, A. E. Hind, Rhodes, Mold, Richardson, and Co. to carry off all the plums. A. J. Turner (102) and Hayward (64 and 83) in the Surrey v. Essex match, which the latter so gloriously won; Storer (109), Shrewsbury (71), and Dench (70) in the match between Notts and Derbyshire; Tomlin (106) and Ward (115) in the Lancashire and Leicestershire encounter; and Tunnicliffe (107) in the Yorkshire and Gloucestershire match may be quoted as instances of the way in which batsmen either make the most of their opportunities or rise to occasions.

Last Week's Rains

caused serious interruptions. Of eight first-class matches arranged for the end of the week, not one could be played that made men smile cheerfully, though the brightness, in many cases, told them that winter garments were beginning to look shabby and out of place. Wickets were, however, soft, and innings of over 30 were things of much merit. The

Highest Innings of the Day

was 68, by Mr. L. de Montezuma, for Sussex against Notts at Brighton, and he was not done with at the close of the day. Notts had the worst of the day's play, Bland taking five of their wickets for 35 runs. Perhaps the

Best Bit of Batting

was that of Alec Hearne at Lord's, for Kent v. the M.C.C. and Ground. In company with Mr. J. R. Mason, who also played well, this popular professional on a soft wicket gave one of his best displays. He scored 50 out of 97, in ninety minutes, and then, with the idea of saving himself for another effort after luncheon, he took twenty minutes to secure 5, and 55 was the extent of his run-getting, which was the result of very pretty batting. What the wicket became after the interval is best shown by bowling results. The outstanding wickets of Kent were all taken by

Roche (Seven for 23),

and while for three wickets the score was 118, the innings closed for 192. Then for Kent

Mr. J. R. Mason took Five for 8:

so batsmen's difficulties may well be imagined. Cambridge University met with poor success against Yorkshire, for whom

Haigh took Six Wickets for 31 Runs,

and Tunnicliffe and Wainwright each scored over 40 runs. For Lancashire against Derbyshire A. Ward made 39, and this was voted a fine innings, so much were the conditions in favour of the bowlers, as Hulme's six for 65 proves. Essex had much the better of the day against Oxford University. Four of their men made over 30, and Bull and Mead bowled with great effect. Surrey's visit to Warwickshire was marked by a blank day, the Edgbaston Ground being under water. The star of Surrey cannot yet be said to be in the ascendant.

"Umpire, Old Ford Road,"

is informed that a bowler *must* have one foot behind the bowling crease, and he *may*, if he so chooses, have two. In other words, the umpire would be wrong in no-balling a bowler who had *both* feet behind the bowling crease. There is nothing in the laws of cricket to show that the penalty for such conduct is loss of match. You are, perhaps, confusing the terms of Law 45: "When they (umpires) shall call 'play' the side refusing to play shall lose the match." It was rather late in the day for a captain to say that no agreement had been come to, and if he felt aggrieved he should not have found fault with the umpires, by whom "all disputes shall be determined" (see Law 43), but he should have lodged a protest with the officers controlling the competition.

An Interesting Amateur Match

It is not often we are treated to a sporting match between amateurs, and therefore much interest was shown in connection with a six-miles race which was brought about by a

Challenge to S. J. Robinson (Cross-Country and Ten Miles Champion) by H. Harrison (Ex-Amateur Four Miles Champion),

who, through a "stitch," was unable to appear at his best in the ten miles championship race at Stamford Bridge. Saturday's match took place on the County Ground, Northampton, and resulted in favour of Robinson, after a capital race, by twenty yards, in 30 min. 50 sec. As may be supposed, the track was not in the best of condition.

A Successful Meeting at Stamford Bridge.

The adjective is not used in the sense that is usual—namely, that the "gate" was large. One has ceased to look for big attendances at London Athletic Club meetings be the weather what it may. Last Saturday's gathering was successful in that the sport was excellent. There was capital racing in the 120-yards handicap, which E. C. Green narrowly won. The half-mile handicap afforded W. E. Lutyens (who had already won the 600-yards Challenge Cup) an opportunity of showing fine form. He ran the full distance in rather over 1 min. 58 sec., but this was not fast enough to win, for W. C. Kirby, who had 53 yards start, finished six yards in front of him in 1 min. 57 4-5 sec. P. I. Blignaut, the South African, competed in the 300-yards handicap from scratch, and finished third in the final, which was won by F. Mayne, eight yards start, with C. R. Armstrong, nine yards, second.

The Event of the Afternoon

was the one and a half miles handicap, in which H. E. Sawyer, Blackheath Harriers, 160 yards, finished first; J. E. Dixon, T.A.C., 340 yards, second; and H. A. Munro, L.A.C., scratch, third. The way Dixon stuck to the leader in the last lap was remarkable in one who has seen so many summers.

Virtue's Young Men

are to be congratulated upon the success of their meeting of Saturday last at the Tee-To-Tum grounds, Stamford Hill. It was, perhaps, the best they have ever held, and with such a programme, it is not pleasant to think what would have happened had not the weather taken a favourable turn. Five open events were included, and the sport, excellently managed throughout, extended over three hours. Winners of open events were as follows: 100-yards handicap, W. Brady; 300, E. R. Leetch; half mile, G. Tuck; one and a half miles inter-team race, South Essex, with A. E. Williams, St. Bride's Institute, first man home; boys' race, G. E. Smith.

Tincler Again Beats Bacon.

Ashton-under-Lyne was the scene of the two-miles match between G. B. Tincler, of Dublin, and F. E. Bacon, of Colchester, and interest in the affair having been doubtless awakened by the fine running and fast time accomplished in the mile race by Tincler, the winner, some 7000 persons were drawn to the grounds. Though Bacon was said to have quite shaken off the cold he was suffering from on the occasion of the race at Rochdale, the Irishman was made a strong favourite. The public estimate proved correct. Tincler led the whole way, though not by much, until he spurted from his opponent on entering the last quarter. It was at the finish of his races that Bacon used to shine, but he was no good in this respect on Saturday, the Irishman running clean away from him and winning in 9 min. 19 4-5 sec., time which must be regarded as very excellent, considering the character of the track.

The Mercers' School.

which is the lusty offspring of the Mercers' Company, one of the oldest institutions of which the City of London legitimately prides itself, rightly builds up the rising generation of youths both physically and mentally to fit them for the keen battle of life. The bright lads who have the privilege of being educated so well by the Rev. D. L. Scott, M.A., LL.D., and his able staff of Masters at the Holborn School, gave an exhibition of their good pedestrian form at the Mercers' School Athletic Sports last Saturday at the North London Grounds, Wood Green. A *P.I.P.* photographer was there to snap-shot some of the races, and gives me a favourable account of the meeting, graced by the presence of many ladies, including the Head-Master's wife, Mrs. Scott, who graciously distributed the prizes. The Committee and the zealous honorary secretary, H. T. Ordish, may be congratulated upon the admirable arrangements. That sturdy runner, C. Gray, is portrayed winning the Class I. quarter-mile race. Second to him was A. P. Dawson, who was first in the Class I. half-mile race. The successful long jumper was H. E. Jones (14 ft. 5 in.); and the successful high jumper, W. L. Gray (4 ft. 4½ in.) In the Old Boys' two-miles bicycle race, C. Richardson (penalised 80 yards) came in first; and in the Mile Bicycle Handicap, H. C. Merrett, with 40 yards start, beat the scratch man, J. A. Merrett. P. W. B. Tippetts came on from Stamford Bridge to win the Old Boys' half-mile race (time 2 min. 13 sec.). J. Waddell won the two-miles walk, but was closely pressed by A. A. Gomme. Louis John Latey won well the Class II. 100-yards race; and Willie Latey spurted briskly and won the same distance race for Class III. The tug-of-war were very exciting, and the whole meeting was full of interest to the numerous friends and relatives present.

BANSHEE.

Midland Railway: Whitsuntide Holidays.

The Midland Railway Company run cheap excursion trains from London on Friday, May 27, to Liverpool, Southport, Blackpool, the Lake District, and Isle of Man, for four, eight, eleven, or fifteen days; on Friday night, May 27, to Carlisle, Castle Douglas, Dumfries, Helensburgh, Edinburgh, Greenock, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Ballater, etc., returning the following Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday, by which third class return tickets at a single ordinary fare for the double journey will also be issued, available for returning on any day within sixteen days; on Saturday, May 28, to Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, Walsall, Wolverhampton, Burton, Derby, Manchester, Liverpool, Preston, Wigan, Blackpool, Blackburn, Bolton, Oldham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Scarborough, Newcastle, the Furness district, Carlisle, etc., returning the following Monday, Thursday, or Saturday; to Douglas (Isle of Man) for ten days.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—Illus. Guide (259 pgs.), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Rd., Ldn. 50 yrs.' reputation. Hairdressers fitted. Mtrs., if. MYERS.—(ADVT.)

"P.I.P." SNAP-SHOTS OF THE MERCERS' SCHOOL SPORTS AT WOOD GREEN.

J. WADDELL, WINNER, GOING TO THE FRONT IN THE TWO-MILES WALK.

CLASS I.: C. GRAY LEADING A. P. DAWSON IN THE QUARTER.

MERCERS' SCHOOL SPORTS AT WOOD GREEN: CLASS II.: HALF DISTANCE IN THE 100-YARDS FINAL.

CLASS III.: FINISH OF THE 100-YARDS FINAL HEAT.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Rosalind's London Fashions.

UMBRELLAS have been such necessary accompaniments to our outdoor toilettes during this extremely showery "merry" month of May that the fascinating diaphanous toques and summery hats and bonnets, with which we joyously provided ourselves at the beginning of the month, have had anything but a sunny time. Let us hope it will be fine for the Whitsuntide Holidays.

* * * *

The Hat Sketched bears the hall-mark of Paris. I saw one very much like it in *chic* effect at Mrs. Bitchfie's, A1 Millinery establishment in Regent Street. The shape of my model is of broadly plaited green satin straw. It has a deep brim, dipping considerably at the sides, and turning up at a sharp angle at the back. It is trimmed with bunches of mauve and white lilac, and bows and ends of pink glacé ribbon, and white. The pink is the shade which is possible to combine with mauve, according to present mode dictation. The turned-up brim at the back is entirely filled in with the trimming; and the hair very much tufted forward.

THE NEWEST PARISIAN HAT.

* * * *

Grey is to the Fore in the costume here sketched—a dressy afternoon toilette of glacé silk of delicate tint, with an embroidered design in spring green. The bodice

FASHIONABLE NEW BLOUSE-BODICE.

fastens on one side, being turned back with a broad revers of white taffetas, terminating or continuing in a turn-down collar at the back to the left shoulder, and edged round with a frill about three inches wide, which continues down the side, fastening the bodice. The under portion of the bodice (exposed by the turning back) is, with the stock, of white taffetas, and completed by butterfly-bows of white satin, the waist-ribbon being of the same.

* * * *

Summer Muslin Gowns will be in vogue for the youthful. Very dainty designs are being employed; witness the sketch in Fig. 3. This is a fine white, clear muslin, made up over a glacé jupe and slip of leaf green. The skirt has three small frills round the hem. The bodice, pouched over a waist-ribbon of leaf-green ribbon, has revers edged with muslin frills, and embroidered with Marguerite daisies and leaves the right one crossing over and being caught at the waist by a bow of the green ribbon; the sleeves are composed of a series of little frills from shoulder to wrist. French voile is a particularly pretty material of canvas-like substance with a satin stripe, for summer wear, and combines very happily with insertions, or appliqué of guimpe lace.

A SUMMER MUSLIN GOWN.

TO THE DEAF.—A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the remedy, post free.—Address: D. Clarros, Amberley House, Strand, London, W.C.—[ADVT.]

"P.I.P." NEW STORIES.

A Crying Shame.

BY ALAN ST. AUBYN.

Author of "A Fellow of Trinity," "Purple Lilac," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

SHE was such a meek, spiritless little thing that butter would not melt in her mouth; at least, this is what people said of her.

Perhaps her bringing-up had something to do with it. Her mother was a large, handsome woman, who declined to grow old; her father a used-up old Indian officer, who had retired early from the service with a pension.

Her parents were so occupied with their own selfish pursuits—her mother in preserving her beauty and her father in nursing his liver—that they had not a thought to spare for poor Daisy.

She grew up much too soon. She scandalised her mother by making her look old before her time. She kept her in the background as much as possible, but she was much too pretty, with her sunny blue eyes and rippling brown hair, and her demure little ways, to be hidden away long.

She was a splendid foil to her mother, who loved to monopolise the attentions of every man she met, and was famous for her clever sayings. She was a smart, all-round, up-to-date woman, and she was wonderfully well preserved. There was always a crowd of men buzzing round her when she came into a ball-room. People said it was the fair young daughter that attracted them, but the mother always carried them off.

The Colonel's wife was the belle of the evening at one memorable ball, and Daisy was not allowed to leave her side. It was not until somebody took her mother down to supper that she could get a minute to herself. Directly she was gone Daisy jumped up from her seat, and walked quickly over to the conservatory, which was at the end of the long room where the people were dancing.

It was empty, Daisy saw, but it was not empty long; the bamboo curtains were drawn aside a moment after, and a man came in.

It was Lieutenant Kerr, a very well-set-up young man, with a fair, frank face and light chestnut hair. He did not look like a young man who would be very easily put off.

"Darling!" he said when he found her alone; and then he did a most unconventional thing—he took the girl in his arms and kissed her.

She did not shrink away from him; she began to sob quietly in his arms. She had been waiting to have a good cry all the evening, and she broke down in her lover's arms.

He led her away to a shady seat beneath a big palm that effectually concealed them from view, and then Daisy had her cry out.

"You have written to papa?" she said.

"Yes; and your mother has answered."

"What——" she began. She did not finish the sentence, but broke down in the middle, and he answered the question unasked.

"She said, dear, that it was out of the question; that I must give you up; that if I had not already spoken to you I must go away without speaking."

"Go away?"

"Dear," he said, with a little tender inflexion in his voice, "dear, that is what I had to tell you to-night. My regiment is ordered away. I leave in another week. I could not go away without having it settled."

"To Africa?" she said quickly, "to the place where they are fighting? Oh, Jim! Jim!"

She was trembling all over, and the colour had dropped out of her face.

"There is no danger, dear; I shall not be away long, and I shall come back right enough. If your father had only given his consent, it wouldn't have been so hard. I should be able to write to you every mail; I should have had something to work for. I should have felt, whatever happened, you were mine—mine!"

"And now?" she said.

He did not answer her directly. He bent forward, and looked into her sweet eyes.

"That is for you to decide," he said.

Her eyes were so blue and clear that they gave back his image as he looked into them; but even as he looked they grew dark and misty, and a deeper depth seemed revealed in them.

"For me?" she said, with a gasp; "Oh, Jim, you know I love you!"

CHAPTER II.

A week later the Gordon Browns were in town.

The Colonel's wife had forgotten that little episode of Daisy's wooer, of the love-making that had been nipped in the bud. The young man and his presumption were quite forgotten. If she had remembered him she might have put off her visit another day, till Jim and his regiment were out of the way.

Daisy was left at home to do the shopping.

"Papa will go with you and look after you," her mother said, with a parting nod, as she rushed off in a ravishing spring toilet to keep an appointment in Half-Moon Street.

Papa thought otherwise when Daisy read over the long list of "shopping" her mother had left behind her. He knew exactly what all that meant, and he shrugged his shoulders and went off to his club, and Daisy had to do her shopping alone.

She forgot all about the shopping when she got out into the sweet spring sunshine. She walked at a rapid rate through the familiar squares until she reached a long dull street, in the middle of which was a big dull church. She stopped outside the church, and looked up at the tall ugly tower. There was a clock in the tower, and the hands pointed to eleven o'clock—five minutes to eleven.

She had five minutes to spare—yet not to spare, for a man had emerged from the dusky porch while she was looking up at the clock, and drew her into the grateful obscurity.

"My darling!" he said, as he crushed the little trembling hands in his. "You have come!"

"Oh, Jim, I ought not to have come! I don't know what you want me to do: you won't ask me to do anything wrong, will you?"

She looked so childish and fragile, standing there in the dark porch, looking wistfully up into his eyes. He would have been base indeed to have betrayed her trust.

"I would not ask you to do anything wrong for the world!" he said.

He was a little older than she was. He looked handsome and kind and grave, and full of a new sense of responsibility as he bent over her.

"You promised to give me a pledge before I went away," he said, speaking earnestly, and with a kind of insistence in his voice that carried her away, "a pledge that you would be faithful to me, that you would marry no other man. Are you ready to fulfil your promise, or do you wish to draw back?"

"Yes, of course, I am ready. Why should I wish to draw back?" she said in an injured voice.

"There is only one pledge you can give me, only one that can avail," he said. "If you are my wife, darling, no one can take you away."

"Your wife?" she said, turning pale.

"My wife. Is there anything strange in asking you to become my wife? You love me——"

"You know I love you," she said passionately.

"And you will marry me some day?"

"I will never marry anyone but you, Jim!"

He looked down at her beautiful innocent eyes, and for a moment he had compunctions—only for a moment.

The clock struck eleven while they were standing there, and the verger inside the church opened the door into the porch.

"Come, dear!" her lover said, drawing her trembling hand within his arm. "Come! All is arranged. You will just go through the ceremony; you will give me the pledge you promised. When it is over, you will be Daisy Brown again until—until I come back to claim you."

The love-light was shining in his eyes. She could not choose but follow wherever it led.

"You are sure it is not wrong?" she said helplessly, as she walked by his side up the aisle.

Half an hour later she was standing in the dark porch saying good-bye to her lover. He was her lover no longer—he was her husband now; he had a right to hold her in his arms and comfort her.

"You must be brave," he said, as he held her in a last lingering embrace in that friendly shelter, "you must always remember that you have someone to protect you—that you belong to me—that you are mine—mine."

He put the weeping girl into a hansom, and stood on the kerb watching it drive away. "God bless you, my darling! God bless you and keep you!" he murmured, as he strode away with his heart bleeding and every nerve in an agony.

He was thinking of what would happen when that morning's work was found out; he was thinking what a end he was to go away and leave that poor defenceless little thing to bear all the brunt of the discovery.

The discovery came sooner than he reckoned. The little African war was short and sharp. It was so sharp that there were half-a-dozen British officers killed and wounded. Among the former was poor Jim Kerr. The Colonel read out his name in the list of slain as he was sipping his morning chocolate. There was a little cry at the other end of the table, and when he looked up he caught sight of his daughter's white face as she was slipping off her chair.

Daisy did not attempt any farther concealment; the news of Jim's death had divested discovery of all its terrors. She was indifferent to what happened to her now Jim was dead.

* * * *

A few weeks later the papers found out that there had been a mistake made in the official returns of the list of killed and wounded. Jim was among the latter, and he came home to get well.

Daisy had left off her weeds long before he came home, and the roses had come back to her cheeks, and the sunny light to her blue eyes, and she was the first person he saw on the landing-stage when he stepped ashore.

Mrs. Gordon Brown had brought her to Southampton to meet him. She had not the face to be angry with him, and, besides—he had won his promotion.

THE END.

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

TO MRS. GLADSTONE and her family in their hour of trial went out all our hearts when the sad news of her illustrious husband's death reached us; and Her Gracious Majesty was first to give sympathetic expression to this national sentiment. Peculiarly close were the ties that bound Mrs. Gladstone to the lifelong companion whose temporary loss she mourns. Mrs. Crawford, writing to the *Daily News*, cites the testimony of a French physician, who met the united couple at Cannes: "What especially went home to my bourgeois heart was the Philemon and Baucis attachment of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. He had no care for himself. He lived completely outside of himself. She was the ministering angel who attended to the outer man which he so neglected. It seemed as if no breeze had ever ruffled the serene course of their affection." Lady Wolverton told Mrs. Crawford that Mrs. Gladstone felt the greatness of the task Providence had imposed on him, and never disturbed the train of his thoughts. How much happier England would be if wives generally were to emulate the loving example of Mrs. Gladstone, and if husbands were as attached to home joys as Mr. Gladstone was!

A Fierce East Wind

and cold wet weather sent airy and pretty Lady Fashion back to her furs and her wraps, and the fair women who had been silly enough to venture abroad in pretty spring frocks, without jacket or cape, must now be repenting between the blankets, and at intervals swallowing hot gruel. Poor things! I am sorry for them. How glad the smart women must be that the Drawing-Rooms are over for the present. Happily, a sudden burst of summer warmth and sunshine augurs well for the Whitsuntide Holidays!

I had a long look round at

The West End Shops

for the benefit of my readers, and I was immensely struck by the great variety in, and the prettiness of, the untrimmed hats in coloured straw. At Derry and Toms', in High Street, Kensington, these hats and the flowers which are intended to trim them are seen to the best advantage.

Hats of One Colour,

either mauve or blue or green, were placed on stands, and on the table which supported stands were every variety of mauve, blue, or pink flowers, as the case might be, and that excellent arrangement enabled the would-be buyer to see at once what she wanted for trimming as soon as she had chosen her hat. There is a great variety in the shapes, but almost all the hats, excepting the "Trelawney," which is a revival of the glorified mushroom, worn about 1861, when the "pork pie" was also in vogue, are very much turned up at the back, with masses of flowers filling the space.

Toques

are extremely wide, and some of them are smart and becoming. The width suits a large head and full face. I saw a sweet little green straw hat in the show-rooms of a well-known milliner in Bond Street this week. The straw was a very pretty shade of green, and the trimming was apple-blossom with trails of smilax, and the "stick up" at the left side was of cream lace. Smilax is now as much used for the decoration of hats and bonnets as it is for dinner-tables!

Talking of Dinner-tables,

those of my London readers who love pretty things would do well to look in at 20, Brook Street, ground floor. In the front room they will find an English lady, who supplies bouquets and decorates dinner-tables, concert-platforms, and fills window-boxes in the most tasteful manner at moderate charges; and in the inner room a French lady, who speaks English, presides over a perfect bower of beauty containing exquisite fans, hand-painted by herself, beautiful lace and daintily embroidered tea and tray cloths. The quaint green pottery is also very fetching and not very expensive. I am surprised that women, who are said to be growing more sensible every day, do not spend less on dress and more on pretty decorations for their rooms. A quaint and

Beautifully Shaped Vase

or glass for flowers can give lasting pleasure, whereas the most up-to-date of gowns or hats is, at the end of a few weeks, ugly and dowdy, and fit only to be thrown away. Apropos of dress, let me recommend to my readers a book called

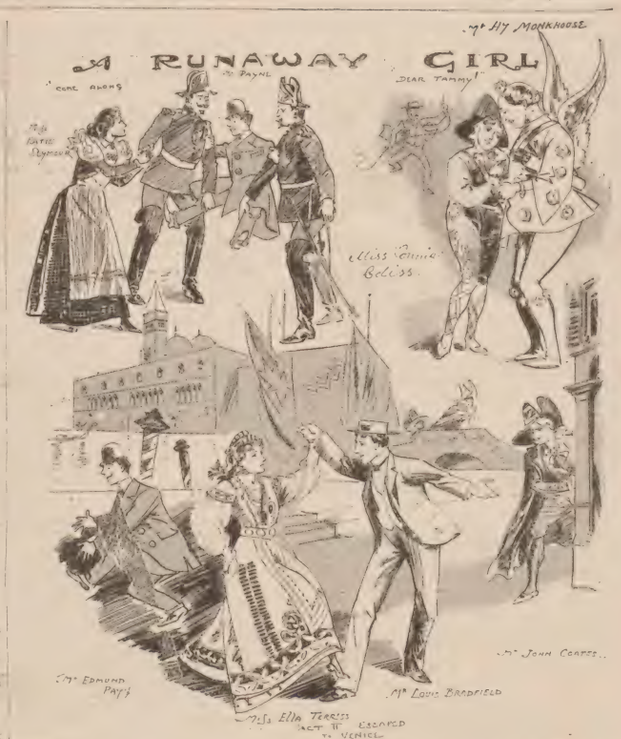
"The Crook of the Bough,"

by Miss Dowie, now Mrs. Henry Norman. It is well written and very clever.

How amusing it is to hear

Men Discussing Women!

Not long since I found myself the only woman in a carriage in the Underground, which was nearly filled by men. They were discussing the



Once again has Mr. George Edwardes proved that he is unsurpassed in the art of producing at the Gaiety the exact form of exhilarating entertainment most suitable to the tastes of the present hard-worked generation. People go to the theatre for relaxation, and they certainly get it at the Gaiety. Lively, melodious music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton attunes the jaded brain to the light and enlivening, charming and artistic mixture of dance and song, *chic* march and captivating chorus, drollery, fun, and humour of which "A Runaway Girl" is composed. Then, the backgrounds are novel. The authors, Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. Harry Nicholls, start their story in Corsica, the two ravishingly beautiful scenes in which are splendidly painted by Mr. J. Harker; and finish it in Venice, the brilliant Venetian tableau being in Mr. T. E. Ryan's most bewitching style. The bright Wilhelm costumes in the Carnival of Venice are worthy of the glowing scenes. No daintier, no prettier opening could have been conceived than the graceful picnic chorus of the sweet Convent school-girls; nor could the Gaiety management have hit upon a more fascinating young actress for the part of the irresistible heroine, the "Runaway Girl," than the great public favourite, dulcet-voiced Eliaine Terriss, who joins a band of wandering minstrels to avoid compulsory marriage with a man she has never seen; then captures the heart of the very same young man when singing in front of an Ajaccio restaurant, is promised marriage, and flies with him to Venice, where all ends happily. Humour is, however, the strong part of this delightful new Gaiety musical play. Praiseworthy as is the admirably light and vivacious representation of Winifred Grey and Guy Stanley by Miss Terriss and Mr. W. Louis Bradfield, it is the laughter evoked by that mountain of perennial jocosity and natural fun, Harry Monkhouse, the fugitive lay brother over head and ears in love with naive and giddy little Connie Ediss—the unfailing mirth occasioned by Newmarket-coated little Edmund Payne as a courier in spite of himself, by his quaint song and dance duets, with that light-footed fairy, Katie Seymour, not to dwell on the charm of their darkies' "coon" ditty—it is alluring Ethel Haydon's dashing military chanson, "The Soldiers in the Park," with the briskest of marching chorus accompaniments—it is the diverting follow-my-leader song with gymnastic march, "How the Man from Cook's"—it is the comicality of Mr. Fred Kaye, Mr. Willie Warde, and Mr. Nainby in their grotesque parts—it is the sly fun of Miss Connie Ediss's "Society" verses, and Mr. Fred Wright's remarkably agile and clever and original and unique umbrella dance as a Cook's tourist, a grotesque series of wondrously dexterous steps heartily encored on the first night, and repeated with infinite gusto—which will prove the most attractive features of "A Runaway Girl," the latest Gaiety triumph.

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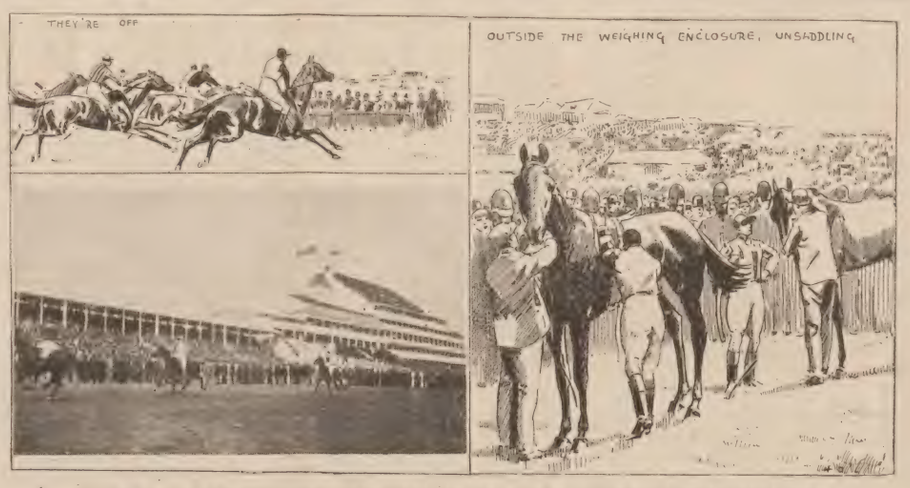

EPSOM RACES SKETCHED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY "P.I.P." ARTISTS ON THE DERBY DAY.

See "The Racing World," page 350.

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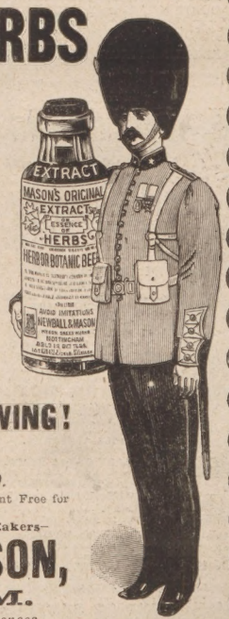

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aggressiveness of women when I got in, and they tactlessly continued their discourse after I appeared, supposing, no doubt, that I was an inattentive or a stupid sort of person who would not be harmed by hearing a few home truths. One young fellow—he was rather a nice boy, too—declared that now women filled the tops of omnibuses a "fellow's comfort was destroyed"; and that "no fellow could be expected to go inside, it was so stuffy." (Stuffiness was good enough for women, apparently.) Then he added, "And they do jabber so, and poke their parasols into a fellow's eye."

One of the older men said that he "liked to hear the girls jabbering," but, he added—and now comes my reason for relating the incident—"I never hear them without thinking how vague the majority of women are except when they are talking of dress." I am afraid that the old gentleman was right. The majority of

Women are Vague,

and never more vague than when they are shopping! I have been present more than once of late in the show-rooms of West-End dressmakers, and I have been surprised at the enormous amount of time that women waste over the choice of a gown. Instead of having made up her mind before she comes out what colour becomes her, and choosing among different shades of that colour, the maid or matron gets herself into a muddle with the mass of materials and colours that she examines, and the chances are that, in the end, her choice falls upon the wrong colour and material, and she appears the next day to announce that she has "changed her mind." Now, in everything that has to do with the business of life, especially in the World of Women,

Be Definite.

If you think of having poppies in your hat, do not spend a quarter of an hour turning over roses! I was in a West-End restaurant the other day when a pretty girl and a young man came in to have luncheon together. She took the bill of fare, went over it from end to end two or three times, but she could not make up her mind whether to have a cutlet or roast chicken, and at last she gave it to her companion and told him to choose for her.

Being in Love,

and probably engaged, he was neither in a hurry nor cross, and with his heart in his eyes, he entreated the pretty creature to tell him what she liked, and at last she decided upon a strawberry ice! He remonstrated faintly, she smiled at him, and he ordered two strawberry ices, and I wondered how he liked his very light luncheon. But by and by, when he has been married half a dozen years and his heart has gone out of his eyes, he will not be satisfied with such fairylike food!

"Bam Wildfire,"

a new novel by Helen Mathers, is now in the press, and will be published immediately by Mr. Burleigh. This will be good news for the many admirers of Miss Helen Mathers's delightful novels. What a

Pathetic Birthday

the little King of Spain must have had the other day! But I cannot help hoping that this miserable state of affairs will soon be over, and that all these wars and rumours of war will die out, and a term of peace set in which will not be likely to be disturbed.

MARGUERITE.

THE PENNY LAWYER.

["Lex" will be happy to reply to short and simple questions of law. Queries should be addressed to "The Editor of The Penny Illustrated Paper," 198, Strand, London, and must be accompanied by the proper names and addresses—in confidence. Replies given to name or initials, as desired. Questions must be written on one side of the paper only. No replies can be sent direct by post.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. G.—You could not sue the father.

MYRTLE.—You could issue a judgment summons; but on the hearing you must be prepared with evidence of means.

CYCLE.—If the terms of your special contract do not state anything to the contrary.

JUSTICE.—We should advise you to lay the facts before a solicitor. In certain cases proceedings could be taken in the County Court.

X. Y. Z.—No.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—You should write to a solicitor out there to investigate the matter. You could get the address from the Government Offices, Victoria Street, S.W.

READER.—He could claim everything he had bought except presents.

A. G. M.—We could not tell without seeing the agreement.

VERAX.—He is not legally bound to repay the money, as the maxim *caveat emptor* would seem to apply to your case.

ST. JAMES.—This is a matter for the consideration of the vicar.

WRIGHT.—You should sue J. J. in the County Court for the balance.

H. C.—Not without a license.

G. HARRIS.—We know little about the Society. But to satisfy yourself you should make careful inquiries, and write to the Registrar of Friendly Sociéties, 28, Abingdon Street, S.W., as he may be able to help you.

J. TAYLOR.—No.

CLARA.—This would depend upon the exact wording of the mortgage. It would, however, appear from your letter that the personal representatives of your father would take subject to the mortgage.

YORATH.—This would in a large measure depend upon the terms of the deed. We should advise you to consult a solicitor.

LEX.

THE RACING WORLD.

THE DERBY WEEK.

VERY much exercised in its mind about the weather has been the racing world during the last few days. What sort of a time was it to have for

Epsom Summer Meeting?

Was that to be a pleasant experience or a miserable? That was the question. Upon my word, I think that we speculated more on the weather than on the race itself, or who was to ride Archduke II. Whether you elect to go to Epsom by road or rail, the journey to the famous Downs has an abiding attraction for thousands.

The Road?

Never were the roads—we lump them together in a singular, "the road"—in better order, washed clean, almost free from mud, and absolutely innocent of dust. Driving, riding, or walking to the Derby never could be more inviting under foot.

The Country?

You might put the wayfarer down anywhere between the finish of our Metropolis's bricks and mortar and the middle of Epsom's open Downs, and defy him to say he ever found foliage, vegetation, blossom, trees, hedges, grass, crops generally, gardens particularly, more grateful to the eye. A reasonable man must be satisfied with his ride to and from the town without any racing as consideration—as the lawyers say—for the journey. Few who went by road would grumble about our having a late spring. Here was

Spring and Summer

all in one, as far as Nature's show went, in a series of sweet pictures, which the weather might set off or spoil at will.

Old Epsom always is toned to match in with the spring foliage and blossom, and a rare place it is for that last by reason of its dwellers' taste running in the direction of flowering trees.

New Epsom,

the suburban part, which has grown so in the last ten years, has been wisely constructed on ancient lines; in fact, when it is seasoned, it will appear of more ancient date than the veritably aged. Altogether the place was at its best, and looked its best at the outset of the meeting, before the great throng rolled in on wheels, trudged in on foot, and was delivered at the three stations by the South-Coast and South-Western lines, who reap a rare harvest out of the race traffic.

A Most Interesting Derby,

this—a very puzzling one, too. Until near the start you could scarcely pick out a couple of horses that were really sound in the market—two! I say hardly one. Disraeli ought to win on the Guineas running if he could beat the fresh hands not seen out before in this season. We were all prepared to see Sam Loates return to scale amid a storm of cheers. Sam said he would, barring that he didn't go quite so far as the ovation. But though Judge Robinson put his number up as the winner, and from the Prince of Wales to the humblest outsider all declared it was a splendid victory, that would not alter the fact that Disraeli had been going queerly in the betting: never firm, at the same price for a couple of days together. Then take Dieudonné, whose success was wished by so many because of the Duke of Devonshire being so grand a patron of the Turf and never having owned a Derby winner. Watts's mount had been reckoned a "wrong 'un" half the time; he had beaten Disraeli as a two-year-old, and might again, but the betting said something was wrong with him. Up and down he had been going in most perplexing style. Archduke II., also, was knocked about a bit on Monday; he came with a rush on the strength of his great trial with History and White Frost. Archduke's winning meant profit to most of our "little" backers. The market frightened them away from Dieudonné, and the favourite's price was too short; so they looked about for something with moderately long odds, and settled on Archduke II. We are good sportsmen, I think, to cheer an American horse's success as we do one of our own. Once Batt seemed likely to harden into a favourite, but his beating the field was rather hard to realise as his price weakened on Monday. We did look to him to gain a place, but the major score seemed a bit beyond him.

Jeddah's Derby Victory.

Oh, what a surprise was in store for speculators! As Wednesday wore on, the weather, which had been dull, cleared up when the flag fell. After Elfin and the Duke of Westminster's second string had made strong running, Batt and Wantage had a long-fought-out duel. As Batt beat Wantage, up came Jeddah (cleverly ridden by O. Madden) and brought forth a wonderful coup for the bookmakers, beating Batt, in the presence of a record company. Dunlop put in good work at the finish, and was third. Time, by Benson's Chronograph, 2 min. 47 sec. Time last year, 2 min. 44 sec.

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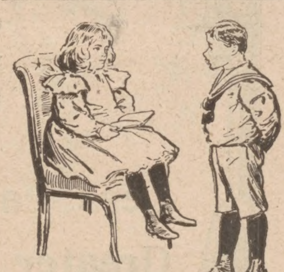
	Jockey	
Mr. J. W. Larnach's ch c Jeddah, by Janissary—Pilgrimage (light blue, brown striped sleeves)	O. Madden ...	1
Duke of Westminster's b c Batt, by Sheen—Vampire (yellow, black cap)	M. Cannon ...	2
Mr. W. Ward's b c Dunlop, by Ayrshire—Fortuna (green and red stripes, black cap)	F. Pratt ...	3

For the Oaks

Nun Nicer is my choice.

BENDIGO.



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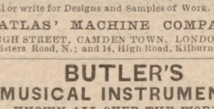

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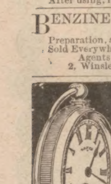

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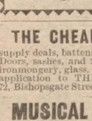

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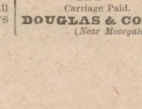

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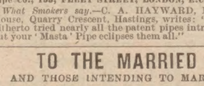

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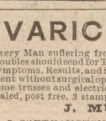

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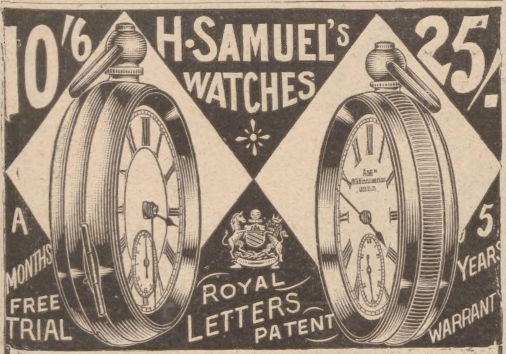

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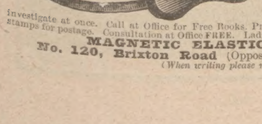

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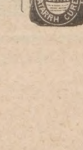

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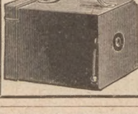

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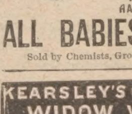

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